OTHELLO,

THE

Moor of Venice.

A

TRAGEDY,

As it hath been divers times acted at the *Globe*, and at the *Black-Friers*:

And now at the

THEATER ROYAL,

BY

HIS MAJESTIES SERVANTS.

Written by *William Shakespear.*

LONDON,
Printed for *W. Weak*, and are to be sold by *Richard Bentley* and *M. Magnes* in *Russel Street* near *Covent-Garden*, 1681.

A Catalogue of ſome Plays Printed for R. Bently, *and* M. Magnes, *in* Ruſſel-Street, *near* Covent-Garden.

ALL the Tragedies and Comedies of *Francis Beumont* and *John Fleſher*, in one Volume, containing fifty one Plays.

Tartuff, or the *French* Puritan.
Forc'd Marriage, or the Jealous Bride.
Engliſh Monſieur.
All Miſtaken, or the mad Couple.
Generous Enemies.
Andromacha; A Tragedy.
Caliſto: or the Maſque at Court.
Country-Wit. A Comedie.
Deſtruction of *Jeruſalem*, 2 parts.
Miſeries of Civil War.
Henry the 6th. with the Murder of the Duke of *Gloceſter*, in 2 parts.
Nero, a Tragedie.
Gloriana, a Tragedie.
Sophonisba, or *Hanibals* overthrow.
Alexander the Great, or the Rival Queens.
Mithridates King of *Pontus*.
Cæſar Borgia, Son of Pope *Alexander* 6.
Oedipus King of *Thebes*.
Theodoſius, or the Force of Love.
The Plain Dealer.
The Town-Fop, or Sir *Timothy Tawdry*.
Abdellazar or the *Moors* Revenge.
Madam *Fickle*: or the Witty Falſe one.

Books Printed this Year.

The Fond Husband, or the Plotting Siſters.
The Vertuous, Wife or good luck at laſt.
The Fool turn'd Critick, a Comedie.
Squire *Oldſap*, or the Night Adventurers.
The Miſtaken Husband, a Comedy.
Mr. *Limberham*, or the Kind Keeper.
Notes and obſervations on the Empreſs of *Morocco*.
The *Orphan*, or unhappy Marriage.
The Souldiers Fortune.
Sertorius. A Tragedie.
Tamberlain the Great.
King Lear.
The *Unhappy Favourite*, or the Earl of *Eſſex*.
Thyeſtes, a Tragedy.
Othello, the Moor of *Venice*.

Novels Printed this Year, 1680.

The Amours of the King of *Tamaran*.
The Amours of the *French* King and Madam *Lanilor*.
The Amours of Madam and the Count *de-Guich*.
The Pilgrim: A Satyrical Novel on the horrible Villanies of thoſe Perſons.
The Secret Hiſtory of the Earl of *Eſſex* and Queen *Elizabeth*.
The Policy of the Clergie of *France*, to ſuppreſs the Proteſtants of that Kingdom.

Dram-

Dramatis Perſonæ.

The Duke of Venice.	Mr. Lydal.
Brabantio, *a Magnifico, Father to* Deſdemona.	Mr. Cartwright.
Gratiano, *his Brother.*	Mr. Griffin.
Lodovico, *their Kinſman.*	Mr. Harris.
Senators.	
Othello, *the Moor, General of the Army in* Cyprus.	Mr. Hart.
Caſſio, *his Lievtenant General.*	Mr. Kynaſton.
Jago, *ſtandard-bearer to the Moor; a Villain.*	Mr. Mohun.
Roderigo, *a fooliſh Gentleman, that follows the Moor in hopes to Cuckold him.*	Mr Beeſton.
Mtaoanio, *the Moors Predeceſſor in the Covernment of* Cyprus.	Mr. Watſon.
Clown, *Servant to the Moor.*	Mr. Hayns.
Officers.	
Gentlemen.	
Meſſengers.	
Muſicians.	
Herald.	

Deſdemona, *Daughter to* Brabantio, *and Wife to the Moor.*	Mrs. Cox.
Emillia, *Wife to* Jago.	Mrs. Rutter.
Bianca, Caſſio's *Wench.*	Mrs. James.
Attendants.	

Scœne Cyprus.

OTHELLO,

THE

MOOR of VENICE.

Enter Jago *and* Roderigo.

Rod. TUſh; Never tell me, I take it much unkindly
That thou who haſt had my Purſe,
As if the ſtrings were thine, ſhouldſt know of this.
Jag. But you'l not hear me,
If ever I did dream of ſuch a matter, abhor me.
Rod. Thou toldſt me, thou didſt hold him in thy hate.
Jag. Deſpiſe me if I do not: three great ones of the City
In perſonal ſuit to make me his Lievtenant,
Oft capt to him, and by the faith of man,
I know my price, I am worth no worſe a place.
But he, as loving his own pride and purpoſes,
Evades them, with a bumbaſt circumſtance,
Horribly ſtuft with Epithites of war:
Non-ſuits my Mediators: for *Certes*, (ſays he)
I have already choſe my Officer, and what was he?
Forſooth, a great Arithmetician,
One *Michael Caſſio*, a Florentine,
A fellow almoſt damn'd in a fair wife,
That never ſet a ſquadron in the field,
Nor the diviſion of a battle knows,
More than a Spinſter, unleſs the bookiſh Theorique,
Wherein the tongued Conſuls can propoſe
As maſterly as he: meere pratle without practice,
Is all his Souldier-ſhip: but he Sir had the election,
And I, of whom his eyes had ſeen the prooſe,
At *Rhodes*, at *Cipres*, and on other grounds,
Chriſtn'd and Heathen, muſt be be-leed and calm'd,
By Debitor and Creditor, this Counter-Caſter:
He (in good time) muſt his Leivtenant be,
And I Sir (bleſs the mark) his Mooreſhips Ancient.

Rod. By heaven I rather would have been his hangman,
Jag. But there's no remedy,
'Tis the curſe of ſervice,
Preferment goes by letter and affection,
Not by the old gradation, where each ſecond
Stood heir to the firſt:
Now Sir be judge your ſelf,
Whether I, in any juſt tearm am affin'd
To love the Moore?
Rod. I would not follow him then.
Jag. O Sir, content you,
I follow him to ſerve my turn upon him,
We cannot all be Maſters, nor all Maſters
Cannot be truly followed, you ſhall mark
Many a dutious knee-crooking knave,
That (doting on his own obſequious bondage)
Wears out his time much like his Maſters Aſſe,
For nought but provender, and when he's old caſhier'd,
Whip me ſuch honeſt knaves:
Others there are,
Who trim'd in forms and viſſages of duty,
Keep yet their hearts, attending on themſelves,
And throwing but ſhews of ſervice on their Lords,
Doe well thrive by 'em,
And when they have lin'd their coats,
Do themſelves homage,
Thoſe fellows have ſome ſoul,
And ſuch a one do I profeſs my ſelf, —— for Sir,
It is as ſure as you are *Roderigo*,
Were I the Moore, I would not be *Jago*:
In following him, I follow but my ſelf.
Heaven is my judge, not I,
For love and duty, but ſeeming ſo, for my peculiar end:
For when my outward action doth demonſtrate
The native act, and figure of my heart,
In complement externe, 'tis not long after,
But I will wear my heart upon my ſleeve,
For Daws to peck at,
I am not what I am.
Rod. What a full fortune does the thicklips owe,
If he can carry't thus?
Jag. Call up her father,
Rowſe him, make after him, poyſon his delight,
Proclaim him in the ſtreet, inſence her Kinſmen,
And tho he in a fertile climate dwell,
Plague him with flyes: tho that his joy be joy,
Yet throw ſuch changes of vexation out,

As it may loſe ſome colour.
Rod. Here is her fathers houſe, Ile call aloud.
Jag. Do with like timerous accent, and dire yell,
As when by night and negligence, the fire
Is ſpied in populous Cities.
Rod. What ho, *Brabantio*, Signior *Brabantio*, ho,
Jag. Awake, what ho, *Brabantio*,
Thieves, thieves, thieves:
Look to your houſe, your Daughter, and your Bags,
Thieves, thieves.

Brabantio *at a window.*

Bra. What is the reaſon of this terrible ſummons?
What is the matter there?
Rod. Signior is all your family within?
Jag. Are your doors lockt?
Bra. Why, wherefore ask you this?
Jag. Sir you are rob'd, for ſhame put on your gown,
Your heart is burſt, you have loſt half your ſoul;
Even now, very now, an old black Ram
Is tupping your white Ewe; ariſe, ariſe,
Awake the ſnorting Citizens with the bell,
Or elſe the Devil will make a Grandſire of you, ariſe I ſay.
Bra. What, have you loſt your wits?
Rod. Moſt reverend Signior, do you know my voice?
Bra. Not I, what are you?
Rod. My name is *Roderigo*.
Bra. The worſe welcome,
I have charg'd thee not to haunt about my doors,
In honeſt plainneſs, thou haſt heard me ſay
My daughter is not for thee, and now in madneſs,
Being full of ſupper, and diſtempering draughts,
Upon malicious bravery, doſt thou come
To ſtart my quiet?
Rod. Sir, ſir, ſir.
Bra. But thou muſt needs be ſure
My ſpirit and my place have in them power,
To make this bitter to thee.
Rod. Patience good Sir.
Bra. What, tell'ſt thou me of robbing? this is *Venice*,
My houſe is not a graunge.
Rod. Moſt grave *Brabantio*,
In ſimple and pure ſoul I come to you.
Jag. Sir you are one of thoſe, that will not ſerve God, if the Devil bid you. Becauſe we come to do you ſervice, you think we are Ruffians, you'l have your daughter covered with a Barbary horſe; you'l have your Nephews nigh to you; you'l have Courſers for Couſens, and Gennets for *Germans*.
Bra. What prophane wreteh art thou?

Jag. I am one Sir, that come to tell you, your Daughter, and the Moore, are now making the Beast with two backs.

Bra. Thou art a villain.

Jag. You are a Senator.

Bra. This thou shalt answer, I know thee *Roderigo.*

Rod. Sir, I will answer any thing: But I beseech you,
If't be your pleasure, and most wise consent,
(As partly I find it is) that your fair daughter
At this odd even, and dull watch oth'night,
Transported with no worse nor better guard
But with a knave of common hire, a *Gundelier*,
To the grosse clasps of a lascivious Moor:
If this be known to you and your allowance,
We then have done you bold and sawcy wrongs?
But if you know not this, my manners tell me,
We have your wrong rebuke: Do not believe
That from the sense of all civility,
I thus would play and trifle with your Reverence.
Your daughter (if you have not given her leave,
I say again) hath made a gross revolt,
Tying her duty, beauty, wit and fortunes,
In an extravagant and wheeling stranger,
Of here, and every where: Straight satisfie your self:
If she be in her Chamber, or your house,
Let loose on me the justice of the State,
For thus deluding you.

Bra. Strike on the tinder, Ho:
Give me a taper, call up all my people:
This accident is not unlike my dream,
beleef of it oppresses me already:
Light I say, light.

Jag. Farewell, for I must leave you,
It seems not meet, nor wholsom to my place,
To de produc'd (as if I stay I shall,)
Against the Moore, for I do know the state,
(How ever this may gaul him with some check)
Cannot with safety cast him, for he's imbark'd,
With such loud reason, to the *Cipres* wars,
(Which even now stands in act) that for their souls,
Another of his fathome, they have none
To lead their business, in which regard,
Tho I do hate him, as I do hells pains,
Yet for necessity of present life,
I must shew out a flag, and sign of love,
Which is indeed but sign, that you shall surely find him
Lead to the Sagitary the raised search,
And there will I be with him. So farewell. *Exit.*

Enter

Enter Brabantio *in his Night-gowne, and Servants with Torches.*

Bra. It is too true an evil, gone she is,
And what's to come of my despised time,
Is nought but bitterness now *Roderigo*,
Where didst thou see her? O unhappy girle!
With the Moore saist thou? who would be a father?
How didst thou know 'twas she? (O she deceives me
Past thought,) what said she to you? get more tapers,
Raise all my kindred, are they married think you?

Rod. Truly I think they are.

Bra. O heaven, how got she out? O treason of the blood;
Fathers from hence, trust not your daughters minds,
By what you see them act: is there not charms,
By which the property of youth and manhood
May be abus'd? have you not read *Roderigo*,
Of some such thing.

Rod. Yes Sir, I have indeed.

Bra. Call up my Brother. O would you had had her,
Some one way, some another; do you know
Where we may apprehend her and the Moor?

Rod. I think I can discover him if you please
To get good guard, and go along with me.

Bra. Pray you lead on, at every house Ile call,
I may command at most: get weapons ho,
And raise some special Officers of might:
On good *Roderigo*, Ile deserve your pains *Exeunt.*

Enter Othello, Iago, *and Attendants with Torches.*

Iag. Tho in the trade of war, I have slain men,
Yet do I hold it very stuff o'th conscience,
To do no contriv'd murther; I lack iniquity
Sometimes to do me service: nine or ten times
I had thought to have jerk'd him here
Under the ribs.

Oth. Tis better as it is,

Iag. Nay, but he prated,
And spoke such scurvy and provoking terms
Against your honour, that with the little godliness I have,
I did full hard forbear him: but I pray Sir,
Are you fast married? For be sure of this,
That the Magnifico is much beloved,
And hath in his effect, a voice potential,
As double as the Dukes, he will divorce you,
Or put upon you what restraint, and grievance,
The law (with all his might, to inforce it on,)

We'l give him cable.

Oth. Let him do his ſpite,
My ſervices which I have done the Signiory,
Shall out tongue his complaints, 'tis yet to know,
Which when I know that boaſting is an honour,
I ſhall promulgate, I fetch my life and being
From men of royal height, and my demerrits,
May ſpeak unbonneted as proud a fortune
As this that I have reach'd; for know *Iago.*
But that I love the gentle *Deſdemona*,
I would not my unhouſed free condition,
Put into cicuumſcription and confine
For the ſeas worth, *Enter* Caſſio *with lights Officers, and Torches.*
But look what lights come yonder?

Iag. Theſe are the raiſed Father and his friends,
You were beſt go in.

Oth. Not I, I muſt be found,
My parts, my Title, and my perfect ſoul,
Shall manifeſt my right by: is it they?

Iag. Ianus I think no.

Oth. The Servants of the Duke, and my Lieutenant?
The goodneſs of the night upon you (friends,)
What is the news?

Caſ. The Duke does greet you (General,)
And he requires your haſte, poſt-haſte appearance,
Even on the inſtant.

Oth. What's the matter think you?

Caſ. Something from *Cipres*, as I may divine,
It is a buſineſs of ſome heat, the Galleys
Have ſent a dozen ſequent meſſengers
This very night one at anothers heels:
And many of the Conſuls rais'd and met,
Are at the Dukes already; you have been hotly call'd for,
When being not at your lodging to be found,
The Senate ſent above three ſeveral queſts
To ſearch you out.

Oth. 'Tis well I am found by you,
I will but ſpend a word here in the houſe, and go with you.

Caſ. Ancient, what makes he here?

Ia. Faith he to night hath boarded a land Carriack,
If it prove lawful prize, he's made for ever.

Caſ. I do not underſtand.

Ia. He's married.

Caſ. To whom?

Enter

Enter Brabantio, Roderigo, *and others with Lights and Weapons.*

Ja. Marry to—Come Captain, will you go?
Oth. Ha'with you.
Caſ. Here comes another troop to ſeek for you.
Ja. It is *Brabantio*, General be adviſd,
He comes to bad intent.
Oth. Holla, ſtand there.
Rod. Seignior it is the Moor.
Bra. Down with him thief.
Jag. You *Roderigo*, come Sir, I am for you.
Oth. Keep up your bright ſwords, for the dew will ruſt em,
Good Seignior you ſhall more command with years
Then with your weapons.
Bra. O thou foul theef, where haſt thou ſtowed my daughter?
Damn'd as thou art, thou haſt inchanted her,
For Ile refer me to all things of ſenſe,
(If ſhe in chains of magick were not bound)
Whether a maid ſo tender, fair and happy,
So oppoſite to marriage that ſhe ſhun'd
The wealthy curled darlings of our Nation,
Would ever have (to incur a general mock)
Run from her gatdage to the ſooty boſome
Of ſuch a thing as thou? to fear not to delight:
Judge me the world, if 'tis not groſs in ſenſe,
That thou haſt practis'd on her with foul charms,
Abus'd her delicate youth with the drugs or minerals,
That weakens motion: Ile have't diſputed on;
'Tis portable and palpable to thinking;
I therefore apprehend and do attach thee,
For an abuſer of the world, a practiſer
Of Arts inhibited, and out of warrant.
Lay hold upon him, if he do reſiſt,
Subdue him at his peril.
Oth. Hold your hands,
Both you of my inclining and the reſt:
Were it my cue to fight, I ſhould have known it,
Without a prompter, where will you that I go,
To anſwer this your charge?
Bra. To priſon, till fit time
Of Law, and courſe of direct Seſſion
Call thee to anſwer,
Oth. What if I do obey?
How may the Duke be therewith ſatisfied,
Whoſe Meſſengers are here about my ſide,

Upon

Upon some present business of the State,
To bear me to him.

Officer. Tis true most worthy Seignior,
The Duke's in Council, and your noble self,
I am sure is sent for.

Bra. How? the Duke in Council?
In this time of night? bring him away;
Mine's not an idle cause: the Duke himself,
Or any of my Brothers of the State,
Cannot but feel this wrong, as 'twere their own.
For if such Actions, may have passage free,
Bondslaves, and Pagans shall our Statesmen be. *Exeunt.*

Enter Duke and Senators, set at a Table, with lights and Attendants.

Duke. There is no composition in these news,
That gives them credit.

1 *Sena.* Indeed they are disproportioned,
My letters say, a hundred and seven Gallies,

Du. And mine a hundred and forty.

2 *Sen.* And mine two hundred:
But though they jump not on a just account,
(As in these cases, where they aim reports,
'Tis oft with difference,) yet do they all confirm
A *Turkish* fleet, and bearing up to *Cipres*.

Du. Nay, it is possible enough to judgment:
I do not so secure me to the error,
But the main Article I do approve
In fearful sense *Enter a Messenger.*

One within. What ho, what ho, what ho?

Officer. A messenger from the Galleys,

Du. Now, the business?

Sailor. The *Turkish* preparation makes for *Rhodes*,
So was I bid report here to the State, by Seignior *Angelo*.

Du. How say you by this change?

Sena. This cannot be by no assay of reason——
'Tis a Pageant,
To keep us in false gaze: when we consider
The importancy of *Ciprus* to the *Turk*:
And let our selves again but understand,
That as it more concerns the *Turk* than *Rhodes*,
So may he with more facile question bear it,
For that it stands not in such warlike brace,
Who altogether lacks th'abilities
That *Rhodes* is dress't in: if we make thought of this,
We must not think the *Turk* is so unskilful,

T

To leave that lateſt which concerns him firſt;
Neglecting an attempt of eaſe and gain,
To wake and wage a danger profitleſs.
Du. Nay, in all confidence he's not for *Rhodes*.
Officer. Here is more news. *Enter a 2d. Meſſenger.*
Meſſ. The *Ottomites*, reverend and gracious,
Steering with due courſe, toward the Iſle of *Rhodes*,
Have there enjoyned them with an after fleet.
1 *Sena.* I, ſo I thought, how many, as you gueſs
Meſ. Of 30 ſail, and now they do reſtern
Their backward courſe, bearing with frank appearance
Their purpoſes towards *Cyprus*: Seignior *Montano*,
Your truſty and moſt valiant Servitor,
With his free duty recommends you thus.
And prays you to believe him.
Du. Tis certain then for *Cyprus*,
Marcus Luccicos is not he in town?
1 *Sena.* He's now in *Florence*.
Du. Write from us to him poſt, poſt haſt diſpatch.

Enter Brabantio, Othello, Roderigo, Jago, Caſſio,
Deſdemona, *and Officers.*

1 *Sena.* Here comes *Brabantio* and the valiant Moore.
Du. Valiant *Othello*, we muſt ſtrait imploy you,
Againſt the general enemy *Ottoman*;
I did not ſee you, welcome gentle Seignior,
We lackt your counſel, and your help to night.
Bra. So did I yours, good your Grace pardon me
Neither my place, nor ought I heard of buſineſs
Hath rais'd me from my bed, not doth the general care
Take hold of me, for my particular grief,
Is of ſo floodgate and ore-bearing nature,
That it engluts and ſwallows other ſorrows,
And it is ſtill it ſelf.
Du. Why? whats the matter?
Bra. My daughter, O my Daughter.
All. Dead?
Bra. I to me:
She is abus'd, ſtoln from me and corrupted,
By ſpels and medicines, bought of Mountebancks,
For nature ſo prepoſterouſly to erre,
(Being not deficient, blind or lame of ſenſe,)
Sans witchcraft could not.
Du. Who ere he be, that in this foul proceeding
Hath thus beguild your daughter of her ſelf,)
And you of her, the bloody book of Law,

You ſhall your ſelf read in the bitter letter,
After its own ſence, ye tho our proper ſon
Stood in your action.

Bra. Humbly I thank your Grace;
Here is the man, this Moor, whom now it ſeems
Your ſpecial Mandate, for the State affairs
Hath hither brought.

All. We are very ſorry for't.

Du. What in your own part can you ſay to this?

Bra. Nothing, but this is ſo.

Oth. Moſt potent, grave and reverend Seigniors,
My very noble and approv'd good Maſters:
That I have tane away this old mans daughter,
It is moſt true: true, I have married her,
The very head and front of my offending,
Hath this extent no more. Rude I am in my ſpeech,
And little bleſt with the ſet phraſe of peace,
For ſince theſe arms of mine had ſeven years pith,
Till now ſome nine moneths waſted, they have us'd
Their deareſt action in the tented field;
And little of this great world can I ſpeak,
More then pertains to feats of broyls, and battail,
And therefore little ſhall I grace my cauſe,
In ſpeaking for my ſelf; yet by your gracious paticnce,
I would a round unraviſh'd tale deliver,
Of my whole courſe of love, what drugs, what charms,
What conjuration, what mighty magick,
(For ſuch proceedings am I charg'd withal:)
I won his Daughter.

Bra. A Maiden never bold,
Of ſpirit ſo ſtill and quiet, that her motion
Bluſht at her ſelf: and ſhe in ſpight of nature,
Of years, of Country, credit, every thing,
To fall in love with what ſhe fear'd to look on?
It is a judgment maim'd, and moſt imperfect,
That will confeſs, perfection ſo would erre
Againſt all rules of Nature, and muſt be driven
To find out practiſes of cunning hell,
Why this ſhould be, I therefore vouch again,
That with ſome mixtures powerful ore the blood,
Or with ſome dram conjur'd to this effect,
He wrought upon her.

Du. To vouch this is no proof,
Without more certain and more overt teſt,
Theſe are thin habits, and poor likelihoods,
Of modern ſeemings, you prefer againſt him.

1 *Sena.* But *Othello* ſpeak,

Did

Did you by indirect and forced courſes,
Subdue and poyſon this young Maids affections?
Or came it by requeſt, and ſuch fair queſtion,
As ſoul to ſoul affordeth?
Oth. I do beſeech you,
Send for the Lady to the Sagittary,
And let her ſpeak of me before her Father;
If you do find me foul in her report,
The Truſt, the Office, I do hold of you,
Not only take away, but let your ſentence
Even fall upon my life.
Du. Fetch *Deſdemona* hither. *Exeunt two or three.*
Oth. Ancient conduct them, you beſt know the place;
And till ſhe come, as truly as to heaven
I do confeſs the vices of my blood,
So juſtly to your grave ears Ile preſent,
How I did thrive in this fair Ladies love,
And ſhe in mine.
Du. Say it *Othello.*
Oth. Her Father loved me; oft invited me,
Still queſtioned me the ſtory of my life,
From year to year, the battels, ſeiges, fortunes
That I have paſt:
I ran it through, even from my boyiſh days,
Toth' very moment that he bid me tell it:
Wherein I ſpeak of moſt diſaſtrous chances,
Of moving accidents, by flood and field;
Of hair-breadth ſcapes ith' imminent deadly breach;
Of being taken by the inſolent foe,
And ſold to ſlavery; of my redemption thence,
And portance in my travels hiſtory;
Wherein of Antars vaſt, and Deſarts idle,
Rough quaries, rocks and hils, whoſe heads touch heaven,
It was my hint to ſpeak, ſuch was my proceſs:
And of the *Cannibals*, that each other eat;
The *Anthropophagie* and men whoſe heads
Do grow beneath their ſhoulders: theſe to hear,
Would *Deſdemona* ſeriouſly incline;
But ſtill the houſe affairs would draw her thence,
Which ever as ſhe could with haſte diſpatch,
Sheed come again, and with a greedy ear
Devour up my diſcourſe; which I obſerving,
Took once a plyant hour, and found good means
To draw from her a prayer of earneſt heart,
That I would all my pilgrimage dilate,
Whereof by parſels ſhe had ſomething heard,
But not intentively, I did conſent,

And oft'en did beguile her of her tears,
When I did ſpeak of ſome diſtreſsfull ſtroak
That my youth ſuffered: my ſtory being done;
She gave me for my pains a world of ſighs;
She ſwore I faith 'twas ſtrange, 'twas paſſing ſtrange;
'Twas pitiful, 'twas wondrous pitiful;
She wiſht ſhe had not heard it, yet ſhe wiſht
That heaven had made her ſuch a man: ſhe thanked me,
And bad me if I had a friend that loved her,
I ſhould but teach him how to tell my ſtory,
And that would woe her. Upon this heat I ſpake:
She lov'd me for the dangers I had paſt;
And I lov'd her that ſhe did pitty them,
This only is the witchcraft I have us'd:
Here comes the Lady,
Let her witneſs it.

Enter Deſdemona, Jago, *and the reſt.*

Du. I think this tale would win my Daughtor to;——
Good *Brabantio*, take up this mangled matter at the beſt,
Men do their broken weapons rather uſe,
Then their bare hands.

Bra. I pray you hear her ſpeak.
If ſhe confeſs that ſhe was half the wooer,
Deſtruction light on me, if my bad blame
Light on the man. Come hither gentle Miſtreſs:
Do you perceive in all this noble company,
Where moſt you owe obedience?

Deſ. My noble father,
I do perceive here a divided duty:
To you I am bound for life and education;
My life and education both do learn me
How to reſpect you, you are the Lord of duty,
I am hitherto your daughter, But here's my husband:
And ſo much duty as my mother ſhewed
To you, preferring you before her father,
So much I challenge, that I may profeſs,
Due to the Moore my Lord.

Bra. God bu'y, I ha done:
Pleaſe it your Grace, on to the State affairs,
I had rather to adopt a child than get it;
Come hither Moore:
I here do give thee that, with all my heart,
Which but thou haſt already, with all my heart
I would keep from thee: for your ſake (Jewel,)
I am glad at ſoul, I have no other child,
For thy eſcape would teach me tyranny,

To

To hang clogs on 'em, I have done my Lord.
Du. Let me ſpeak like your ſelf, and lay a ſentence
Which as a greeſe or ſtep may help theſe lovers
Into your favour.
When remedies are paſt, the griefs are ended,
By ſeeing the worſt, which late on hopes depended,
To mourn a miſchief that is paſt and gon,
Is the next way to draw more miſchief on:
What cannot be preſerv'd when fortune takes,
Patience her injury a mockery makes.
The rob'd that ſmiles, ſteals ſomething from the thief,
He robs himſelf that ſpends a bootleſs grief.
Bra. So let the *Turk* of *Cyprus* us beguile.
We loſe it not ſo long as we can ſmile;
He bears the ſentence well that nothing bears,
But the free comfort, which from thence he hears:
But he bears both the ſentence and the ſorrow,
That to pay grief, muſt of poor patience borrow.
Theſe ſentences to ſugar, or to gall,
Being ſtrong on both ſides, are equivocal:
But words are words, I never yet did hear,
That the bruis'd heart was pierced through the ear.
Beſeech you now, to the affairs of the ſtate.
Du. The *Turk* with moſt mighty preparation makes for *Cyprus*: *Othello*, the fortitude of the place is beſt known to you, and though we have there a Subſtitute of moſt allowed ſufficiency, yet opinion, a ſovereign Miſtreſs of effects, throws a more ſafer voice on you; you muſt therefore be content to ſlubber the gloſs of your new fortunes, with this more ſtubborn and boiſterous expedition.
Oth. The tyrant cuſtom, moſt grave Senators,
Hath made the flinty and ſteel Couch of war,
My thrice-driven bed of down: I do agnize
A natural and prompt alacrity,
I find in hardneſs and do undertake
This preſent war againſt the *Ottomites*:
Moſt humbly therefore, bending to your State,
I crave fit diſpoſition for my wife,
Due reference of place and exhibition,
With ſuch accommodation and beſort,
As levels with her breeding.
Du. If you pleaſe bee't at her fathers.
Bra. Ile not have it ſo.
Oth. Nor I.
Def. Nor I, I would not there reſide,
To put my father in impatient thoughts,
By being in his eye: moſt gracious Duke,
To my unfolding lend a gracious ear,

And let me find a charter in your voyce,
T'assist my simplenes.—
Du. What would you *Desdemona*?
Des. That I did love the Moore to live with him,
My down right violence, and storm of Fortunes,
May trumpet to the world; my hearts subdued,
Even to the very quality of my Lord:
I saw *Othello's* visage in his minde,
And to his Honors, and his valiant parts
Did I my soul and fortunes consecrate.
So that dear Lords, If I be left behinde,
A Moth of peace, and he goe to the warre,
The rites for which I love him, are bereft me,
And I a heavy interim shall support,
By his dear absence; let me goe with him.
Oth. Your voyces Lords: beseech you let her will
Have a free way.
Vouch with me Heaven, I therefore beg it not
To please the palate of my appetite,
Nor to comply with heat, the young affects
In my defunct, and proper satisfaction,
But to be free and bounteous to her mind,
And heaven defend your good souls that you think
I will your serious and good business scant,
For she is with me; ——no, when light wing'd toyes,
And feather'd *Cupid* foyls with wanton dulnes,
My speculative and active instruments,
That my disports, corrupt and taint my business,
Let Huswives make a Skellet of my Helm,
And all indigne and base adversities,
Make head against my reputation.
Du. Be it, as you shall privately determine,
Either for her stay or going, the affair cryes haste,
And speed must answer, you must hence to night.
Des. To night my Lord?
Du. This night. *Oth.* With all my heart.
Du. At nine i'th morning here we'l meet again.
Othello, leave some officer behind,
And he shall our Commission bring to you,
With such things else of quality and respect,
As doth import you.
Oth. Please your Grace, my Ancient,
A man he is of honesty and trust,
To his conveyance I assigne my wife,
With what else needful your good Grace shall think.
To be sent after me.
Du. Let it be so.

Good

Good night to every one, and noble Seignior,
If virtue no delighted beauty lack,
Your Son in law is far more fair than black.

1 *Sena.* Adieu brave Moore, uſe *Deſdemona* well.

Bra. Look to her Moore, if thou haſt eyes to ſee.
She has deceiv'd her father, and may thee. *Exeunt.*

Oth. My life upon her faith. Honeſt *Jago*,
My *Deſdemona* muſt I leave to thee,
I prethee let thy wife attend on her,
And bring her after in the beſt advantage;
Come *Deſdemona*, I have but an hour
Of love, of worldly matters and direction,
To ſpend with thee, we muſt obey the time.

Rod, Jago. *Exit Moore and* Deſdemona.

Jag. What ſaiſt thou noble heart?

Rod. What will I do thinkſt thou?

Jag. Why goe to bed and ſleep,

Rod. I will incontinently drown my ſelf.

Jag. Well, if thou doeſt, I ſhall never love thee after it,
Why thou filly Gentleman.

Rod. It is fillineſs to live, when to live is a torment, and then we have a preſcription, to dye when death is our Phyſitian.

Jag. O villanous, I ha look'd upon the world for four times ſeven years, and ſince I could diſtingniſh between a benefit, and an injury, I never found a man that knew how to love himſelf: ere I would ſay I would drown my ſelf, for the love of a Ginny Hen, I would change my humanity with a Baboone.

Rod. What ſhould I doe? I confeſs it is my ſhame to be ſo fond, but it is not in my virtue to amend it.

Jag. Virtue, a fig, 'tis in our ſelves, that we are thus, or thus, our bodies are gardens, to the which our wills are Gardiners, ſo that if we will plant Nettles, or ſow Lettice, ſet Iſop, and weed up Time; ſupply it with one gender of hearbs, or diſtract it with many; either to have it ſterrill with idleneſs, or manur'd with induſtry, why the power, and corrigible Authorit of this, lies in our wills. If the ballance of our lives had not one ſcale of reaſon, to poyſe another of ſenſuality; the blood and baſeneſs of our natures, would conduct us to moſt prepoſterous concluſions. But we have reaſon to coole our raging motions, our carnal ſtings, our unbitted luſts; whereof I take this that you call love to be a Sect, or Syen.

Rod. It cannot be.

Jag. It is meerly a luſt of the blood, and a permiſſion of the will; Come, be a man; drown thy ſelf; drowne Cats, and blinde Puppies: I profeſs me thy friend, and I confeſs me knit to thy deſerving, with Cables of perdurable toughneſs; I could never better ſteed thee then now. Put money in thy purſe; follow theſe wars, defeat thy favour with an uſurp'd beard; I ſay, put money in thy purſe. It cannot be, that *Deſdemona* ſhould

long

long continue her love unto the Moor,——put money in thy purſe,—nor he his to her; it was a violent commencement, and thou ſhalt ſee an anſwerable ſequeſtration: put but money in thy purſe.——Theſe Moores are changeable in their wills.——Fill thy purſe with money. The food that to him now is as luſhious as Locuſts, ſhall be to him ſhortly as bitter as Coloquintida: She muſt change for youth; when ſhe is ſated with his body, ſhe will find the error of her choice; ſhe muſt have change, ſhe muſt. Therefore put money in thy purſe: If thou wilt needs damn thy ſelf, do it a more dilicate way then drowning; make all the money thou canſt. If ſanctimony, and a frail vow, betwixt an erring *Barbarian*, and a ſuper-ſubtle *Venetian*, be not too hard for my wits, and all the tribe of hell, thou ſhalt enjoy her; therefore make money,——a pox a drowning, tis clean out of the way; ſeek thou rather to be hang'd in compaſſing thy joy, then to be drowned, and go without her.

Rod. Wilt thou be faſt to my hopes, if I depend on the iſſue?

Jag. Thou art ſure of me——go, make money——I have told thee often, and I tell thee again, and again, I hate the Moor, my cauſe is hearted, thine has no leſs reaſon, let us be conjunctive in our revenge againſt him: If thou canſt cuckold him, thou doſt thy ſelf a pleaſure, me a ſport. There are many events in the womb of Time, which will be delivered. Traverſe, go, provide thy money, we will have more of this to morrow, adieu.

Rod. Where ſhall we meet i'th' morning?

Jag. At my lodging.

Rod. I'll be with thee betimes.

Jag. Go to, farewell:—do you hear *Roderigo*?

Rod. What ſay you?

Jag. No more of drowning, do you hear?

Rod. I am chang'd, I'll go ſell all my land.

Exit Roderigo.

Jag. Thus do I ever make my fool my purſe:
For I mine own gain'd knowledge ſhould prophane
If I would time expend with ſuch a ſnip,
But for my ſport and profit: I hate the Moor,
And it is thought abroad, that twixt my ſheets
Ha's done my Office; I know not if't be true——
Yet I, for meer ſuſpition in that kind,
Will do, as if for ſurety: he holds me well,
The better ſhall my purpoſe work on him.
Caſſio's a proper man, let me ſee now,
To get this place, and to plum up my will,
A double knavery—how, how,—let me ſee,
After ſome time, to abuſe *Othello*'s ear,
That he is too familiar with his wife:
He has a perſon and a ſmooth diſpoſe,
To be ſuſpected, fram'd to make woman falſe:
The Moor is of a free and open nature,

That

That thinks men honeſt, that but ſeems to be ſo:
And will as tenderly be led bith' noſe—as Aſſes are:
Tha't, it is ingender'd: Hell and night
Muſt bring this monſtrous birth to the worlds light. *Exit.*

Actus Secundus, Scœna prima.

Enter Montanio, *Governour of* Cyprus, *with two other Gentlemen.*

Montanio.

WHat from the Cape can you diſcern at Sea?

1 *Gent.* Nothing at all, it is a high wrought flood,
I cannot 'twixt the heaven and the main
Deſcry a ſail.

Mon. Methinks the wind does ſpeak aloud at land,
A fuller blaſt ne'r ſhook our battlements:
If it ha ruffiand ſo upon the Sea,
What ribs of Oak, when mountain melt on them,
Can hold the mortiſes,—What ſhall we hear of this?

2 *Gent.* A ſegregation of the *Turkiſh* fleet:
For do but ſtand upon the foaming ſhore,
The chiding billows ſeems to pelt the clouds,
The wind ſhak'd ſurge, with high and monſtrous main
Seems to caſt water on the burning Bear,
And quench the guards of th'ever fired pole,
I never did like moleſtation view,
On the enchafed flood.

Mon. If that the *Turkiſh* Fleet
Be not inſhelter'd, and embayed, they are drown'd,
It is impoſſible to bear it out.

Enter a third Gentleman.

3 *Gent.* News Lads, your wars are done:
The deſperate Tempeſt hath ſo bang'd the *Turk*,
That their deſigment haults:
A noble ſhip of *Venice*,
Hath ſeen a grievous wrack and ſufferance
On moſt part of their Fleet.

Mon. How, is this true?

3. *Gent.* The ſhip is here put in:
A Veroneſſa, *Michael Caſſio*,

Lievtenent to the warlike Moor *Othello*,
Is come a ſhore: the Moor himſelf at Sea,
And is in full commiſſion here for *Cyprus*.
Mon. I am glad on't, 'tis a worthy Governour.
3 *Gent.* But this ſame *Caſſio*, tho he ſpeak of comfort,
Touching the *Turkiſh* loſs, yet he looks ſadly,
And prays the Moor be ſafe, for they were parted,
With foul and violent Tempeſt.
Mon. Pray heaven he be:
For I have ſerv'd him, and the man commands
Like a full Soldier:
Lets to the ſea ſide, ho,
As well to ſee the Veſſel that's come in,
As to throw out our eyes for brave *Othello*,
Eve n till we make the Main and th'Air all blew,
An indiſtinct regard.
3. *Gent.* Come, let's do ſo,
For every minute is expectancy
Of more arrivance. *Enter* Caſſio.
Caſ. Thanks to the valiant of this Iſle,
That ſo approve the Moor, and let the heavens,
Give him defence againſt their Elements
For I have loſt him on a dangerous ſea.
Mon. Is he well ſhipt?
Caſ. His Bark is ſtoutly timberd, and is Pilot
Of very expert and approv'd allowance,
Therefore my hope's (not ſurfeited to death)
Stand in bold cure *Enter a Meſſenger.*
Meſ. A ſail, a ſail, a ſail.
Caſ. What noiſe?
Meſ. The Town is empty, on the brow o'th ſea,
Stands rancks of people, and they cry a ſail.
Caſ. My hopes do ſhape him for the Government.
2 *Gent.* They do diſcharge the ſhot of courteſie,
Our friend at leaſt. *A ſhot.*
Caſ. I pray you ſir go forth
And give us truth, who 'tis that is arriv'd.
2. *Gent.* I ſhall. *Exit.*
Mon. But good Lievtenant, is your General wiv'd?
Caſ. Moſt fortunately, he hath atchiv'd a maid,
That parragons deſcription and wild fame;
One that excels the quirks of blaſoning pens;
And in the eſſential veſture of creation,
Does bear an excellency: —now, who has put in?

Enter

Enter 2 Gentleman.

2 *Gent.* 'Tis one *Jago*, Ancient to the General;
He has had moſt favourable and happy ſpeed,
Tempeſts themſelves, high ſeas, and houling winds,
The guttered rocks, and congregated ſands,
Traitors enſteep'd, to clog the guiltleſs Keel,
As having ſenſe of beauty, do omit
Their common natures, letting go ſafely by
The divine *Deſdemona*.

Mon. What is ſhe?

Caſ. She that I ſpeak of, our great Captains Captain,
Left in the conduct of the bold *Jago*,
Whoſe footing here anticipates our thoughts
A ſennights ſpeed—great *Jove Othello* guard,
And ſwell his ſail with thine own powerful breath,
That he may bleſs this Bay with his tall ſhip,
And ſwiftly come to *Deſdemona*'s arms

Enter Deſdemona, Jago, Emilla, *and* Roderigo.

Give renew'd fire,
To our extincted ſpirits:
And bring all *Cyprus* comfort,—O behold
The riches of the ſhip is come on ſhore.
Ye men of *Cyprus*, let her have your knees:
Hail to the Lady: and the grace of heaven,
Before, behind thee, and on every hand,
Enwheel thee round.

Deſ. I thank you valiant *Caſſio*:
What tidings can you tell me of my Lord?

Caſ. He is not yet arrived, nor know I ought,
But that he's well, and will be ſhortly here.

Deſ. O but I fear,—how loſt you company? [*within*] *A ſail a ſail.*

Caſ. The great contention of the ſea and skies
Parted our fellowſhip: but hark a ſail.

2 *Gent.* They give their greeting to the Citadel,
This likewiſe is a friend.

Caſ. See for the news:
Good Ancient you are welcome, welcome Miſtreſs,
Let it not gall your patience, good *Jago*,
That I extend my manners, 'tis my breeding,
That gives me this bold ſhew of courteſie.

Jag. Sir, would ſhe give you ſo much of her lips,
As of her tongue ſhe has beſtowed on me,
You'd have enough.

Des. Alas! she has no speech.

Jag. In faith too much:
I find it still, for when I ha leave to sleep,
Mary, before your Ladiship I grant,
She puts her tongue a little in her heart,
And chides with thinking.

Em. You ha little cause to say so.

Jag. Come on, come on, you are Pictures out of doors:
Bells in your Parlors: Wild-cats in your Kitchins:
Saints in your injuries: Divels being offended:
Players in your house-wifery, and house-wives in your beds.

Des. O fie upon thee slanderer.

Jag. Nay, it is true, or else I am a *Turk*,
You rise to play, and goe to bed to work.

Em. You shall not write my praise.

Jag. No, let me not.

Des. What wouldst thou write of me,
If thou shouldst praise me?

Jag. O gentle Lady, do not put me to't,
For I am nothing, if not critical.

Des. Come on, assay—there's one gone to the Harbour.

Jag. I Madam.

Des. I am not merry, but I do beguile
The thing I am, by seeming otherwise:
Come, how wouldst thou praise me?

Jag. I am about it, but indeed my invention
Comes from my pate, as birdlime does from freeze,
It plucks out braine and all: but my Muse labours,
And thus she is delivered:
If she be fair and wise, fairness and wit;
The one's for use, the other useth it.

Des. Well prais'd: how if she be black and witty?

Jag. *If she be black, and thereto have a wit,*
She'll find a white, that shall her blackness fit.

Des. Worse and worse.

Em. How if fair and foolish?

Jag. *She never yet was foolish, that was fair,*
For even her folly helpt her to an Heir.

Des. These are old Paradoxes, to make fools laugh i'th Alehouse; What miserable praise hast thou for her,
That's foul and foolish?

Jag. *There's none so foul, and foolish thereunto,*
But does foul pranks, which fair and wise ones do.

Des. O heavy ignorance that praises the worst best: but what praise couldst thou bestow on a deserving woman indeed? one, that in the authority of her merits, did justly put on the vouch of very malice it self?

Jag.

Jag. *She that was ever fair, and never proud,*
Had tongue at will, and yet was never loud,
Never lackt gold, and yet went never gay,
Fled from her wish, and yet said, now I may:
She that being angred, her revenge being nigh,
Bad her wrong stay, and her displeasure flye
She that in wisdome never was so frail,
To change the Codshead for the Salmons tail:
She that could think, and ne're disclose her mind,
See Sutors following, and not look behind:
She was a wight, (if ever such wight were,)

Des. To do what?

Jag. *To suckle fools, and chronicle small Beere.*

Des. O most lame and impotent conclusion: Do not learn of him *Emillia*, tho he be thy husband: How say you *Cassio*, is he not a most prophane and liberal Counsellour.

Cas. He speaks home Madam, you may relliſh him More in the Souldier than in the Scholler.

Jag. He takes her by the palme; I well ſed, whiſper; with as little a webb as this, will I enſnare as great a flie as *Caſſio*. I ſmile upon her, doe: I will catch you in your own Courtſhip: you ſay true, 'tis ſo indeed. If ſuch tricks as theſe ſtrip you out of your Lieutenantry, it had been better you had not riſt your three fingers ſo oft, which now again, you are moſt apt to play the ſir in a very good well kiſt, and excellent courteſie; 'tis ſo indeed: yet again, your fingers at your lips? would they were Cliſterpipes for your ſake.——The Moore, I know his Trumpet. [*Trumpet within.*

Enter Othello, *and Attendants.*

Cas. 'Tis truly ſo.

Des. Lets meet him, and receive him.

Cas. Loe, where he comes.

Oth. O my fair Warriour.

Des. My dear *Othello.*

Oth. It gives me wonder, great as my content,
To ſee you here before me: O my ſouls joy,
If after every tempeſt, come ſuch calmneſs,
May the winds blow, till they have wakened death;
And let the labouring Bark clime hills of Seas,
Olympus high, and duck again as low,
As Hell's from Heaven; If it were now to dye,
'Twere now to be moſt happy, for I fear
My Soul hath her content ſo abſolute,
That not another comfort, like to this
Succeeds in unknown Fate.

Des. The Heavens forbid.
But that our loves and comforts ſhould increaſe,
Even as our dayes do grow.

Oth.

Oth. Amen to that, ſweet Powers:
I cannot ſpeak enough of this content,
It ſtops me here, it is too much of joy:
And this, and this, the greateſt diſcord be, [*kiſs.*
That ere our hearts ſhould make.

Jag. O, you are well-tun'd now,
But I'le ſet down the pegs, that makes this muſick,
As honeſt as I am.

Oth. Come, let us to the Caſtle:
News friends, our wars are done, the *Turks* are drown'd.
How does my old acquaintance of this Iſle?
Honny, you ſhall be well deſir'd in *Cyprus*;
I have found great love amongſt them: O my ſweet:
I prattle out of faſhion, and I dote,
In mine own comforts: I prethee good *Jago*,
Go to the Bay, and diſimbark my Coffers;
Bring thou the Maſter to the Citadel:
He is a good one, and his worthineſs,
Does challenge much reſpect, come *Deſdemona.*
Once more well met at *Cyprus.* *Exeunt.*

Jag. Do thou meet me preſently at the Harbour: come hither, if thou beeſt valiant, (as they ſay, baſe men being in love, have then a Nobility in their natures, more than is native to them,)—liſt me, the Lieutenant to night watches on the Court of Guard: firſt I will tell thee this, *Deſdemona* is directly in love with him.

Rod. With him? why 'tis not poſſible,

Jag. Lay thy finger thus, and let thy Soul be inſtructed: marke me, with what violence ſhe firſt lov'd the Moore, but for bragging, and telling her fantaſtical lies; and will ſhe love him ſtill for prating? let not the diſcreet heart think it. Her eye muſt be fed, and what delight ſhall ſhe have to look on the Devil? When the blood is made dull with the act of ſport, there ſhould be a game to inflame it, and give ſaciety a freſh appetite. Lovelineſs in favour, ſympathy in years, manners, and beauties; all which the Moore is defective in: now for want of theſe requir'd conveniences, her delicate tenderneſs will find its ſelf abus'd, begin to heave the gorge, diſreliſh and abhor the Moor, very nature will inſtruct her to it, and compel her to ſome ſecond choice: Now Sir, this granted, as it is moſt pregnant and unforced poſition, who ſtands ſo eminently in the degree of this fortune, as *Caſſio* does? a knave very voluble, no farther conſcionable, than in putting on the meer form of civil and humane ſeeming, for the better compaſſing of his ſalt and moſt hidden looſe affections: A ſubtle ſlippery Knave, a finder out of occaſions; that has an eye, can ſtamp and counterfeit advantages, tho true advantage never preſent it ſelf. Beſides, the Knave is handſome, young, and hath all thoſe requiſites in him that folly and green minds look after: a peſtilent compleat knave, and the woman has found him already.

Rod. I cannot believe that in her, ſhe's full of moſt bleſt condition.

Jag. Bleſt figs end; the wine ſhe drinks is made of grapes: if ſhe had been

Bleſt,

bleſt, ſhe would never have lov'd the Moore, Didſt thou not ſee her paddle with the palme of his hand? didſt not marke that?

Rod. Yes, But that was but courteſie.

Jag. Lechery, by this hand; an Index and obſcure prologue to the Hiſtory, of luſt and foul thoughts: they met ſo near with their lips, that their breaths embrac'd together, villanous thoughts, when theſe mutualities ſo marſhal the way; hand at hand comes *Roderigo*, the matter, and the main exerciſe, the incorporate concluſion. But Sir, be you rul'd by me, I have brought you from *Venice*; watch you to night, for command, I'le lay't upon you. *Caſſio* knows you not, I'le not be far from you, do you find ſome occaſion to anger *Caſſio*, either by ſpeaking too loud, or tainting his diſcipline, or from what other courſe you pleaſe; which the time ſhall more favourable miniſter.

Rod. Well.

Jag. Sir he is raſh, and very ſudden in choler, and haply with his Trunchen may ſtrike at you; provoke him that he may, for even out of that, will I cauſe theſe of *Cyprus* to mutiny, whoſe qualification ſhall come into no true taſte again't, but by the diſplanting of *Caſſio*: So ſhall you have a ſhorter journey to your deſires, by the means I ſhall then have to prefer them, and the impediment moſt profitably remov'd, without which there were no expectation of our proſperity.

Rod. I will do this, if I can bring it to any opportunity.

Jag. I warrant thee, meet me by and by at the Cittadel; I muſt fetch his neceſſaries a ſhore.——Farewel.

Rod. Adieu. *Exit.*

Jag. That *Caſſio* loves her, I do well believe it;
That ſhe loves him, 'tis apt and of great credit;
The Moore howbe't, that I endure him not,
Is of a conſtant, noble, loving nature;
And I dare think, he'l prove to *Deſdemona*
A moſt dear Husband; now I do love her too,
Not out of abſolute luſt, (tho peradventure,
I ſtand accomptant for as great a ſin,)
But partly lead to diet my revenge,
For that I do ſuſpect the luſtful Moore,
Hath leap'd into my ſeat, the thought whereof
Doth like a poyſonous Mineral gnaw my inwards;
And nothing can, nor ſhall content my Soul,
Till I am even'd with him, wife for wife;
Or failing ſo, yet that I put the Moore,
At leaſt, into a jealouſie ſo ſtrong,
That judgement cannot cure; which thing to do,
If this poor traſh of *Venice*, whom I trace,
For his quick hunting, ſtand the putting on,
I'le have our *Michael Caſſio* on the hip,
Abuſe him to the Moore, in the ranke garbe,
(For I fear *Caſſio*, with my night-cap too)
Make the Moore thank me, love me, and reward me,

For

For making him egregiously an Ass,
And practising upon his peace and quiet,
Even to madness:—'tis here, but yet confus'd;
Knaveries plain face is never seen, till us'd. *Exi.*

Enter Othello's *Herauld, reading a Proclamation.*

It is *Othello's* pleasure, our noble and valiant General, that upon certain tidings now arrived, importing the meer perdition of the *Turkish* Fleet; that every man put himself into triumph; some to dance, some make Bonefires: each man to what sport and Revels his addiction leads him; for besides these beneficial News, it is the celebration of his Nuptials: So much was his pleasure should be proclaimed. All Offices are open, and there is full liberty, from this present hour of five, till the bell hath told eleven. Heaven bless the Isle of *Cyprus*, and our noble General *Othello*,

Enter Othello, Cassio, *and* Desdemona.

Oth. Good *Michael* look you to the guard to night.
Lets teach our selves that honourable stop,
Not to out-sport discretion.
Cas. *Iago* hath direction what to do:
But notwithstanding, with my personal eye
Will I look to it.
Oth. *Iago* is most honest.
Michael goodnight, to morrow with your earliest,
Let me have speech with you, come my dear love,
The purchase made, the fruits are to ensue,
That profits yet to come 'twixt me and you,
Good night.

Enter Iago.

Cas. Welcome *Iago*, we must to the watch.
Iag. Not this hour Lieutenant, 'tis not yet ten a Clock: our General cast us thus early for the love of his *Desdemona*, who let us not therefore blame, he hath not yet made wanton the night with her; and she is sport for *Jove*.
Cas. She is a most exquisite Lady.
Iag. And I'le warrant her full of game.
Cas. Indeed she is a most fresh and delicate creature.
Iag. What an eye she has?
Methinks it sounds a parly of provocation.
Cas. An inviting eye, and yet methinks right modest.
Iag. And when she speaks, 'tis an Alarm to love.
Cas. She is indeed perfection.
Iag. Well, happiness to their sheets——come Lieutenant, I have a stope of Wine, and here without are a brace of *Cyprus* Gallants, that would fain have a measure to the health of the black *Othello*.

Cas.

Caſ. Not to night, good *Jago*; I have very poor and unhappy brains for drinking: I could well wiſh courteſie would invent ſome other cuſtome of entertainment.

Jag. O they are our friends,—but one cup: I'le drink for you.

Caſ. I ha drunk but one cup to night, and that was craftily qualified to, and behold what innovation it makes here: I am unfortunate in the infirmity, and dare not task my weakneſs with any more.

Jag. What man, 'tis a night of Revels, the Gallants deſire it.

Caſ. Where are they?

Jag. Here at the dore, I pray you call them in.

Caſ. I'le do't, but it diſlikes me. *Exit.*

Jag. If I can faſten but one cup upon him.
With that which he hath drunk to night already,
He'll be as full of quarrel and offence,
As my young Miſtreſs dog:—Nay my ſick fool *Roderigo*,
(Whom love has turn'd almoſt the wrong ſide outward.)
To *Deſdemona*, hath to night carouſt.
Potations pottle deep, and he's to watch:
Three Lads of *Cyprus*, noble ſwelling ſpirits,
That hold their honour in a wary diſtance,
The very Elements of this war-like Iſle,)
Have I to night fluſtred with flowing cups,
And the watch too: now 'mongſt this flock of drunkards,
I am to put our *Caſſio* in ſome action,
That may offend the Iſle; *Enter* Montanio, Caſſio,
But here they come: *and others.*
If conſequence do but approve my dream,
My boat ſails freely, both with wind and ſtream.

Caſ. Fore God they have given me a rouſe already.

Mon. Good faith a little one, not paſt a pint,
As I am a Soldier.

Jag. Some wine hoe:
And let me the Cannikin clink, clink,
And let me the Cannikin clink, clink,
A Souldier's a man, a life's but a ſpan,
Why then let a Souldier drink.—Some wine boys.

Caſ. Fore heaven an excellent ſong

Jag. I learn'd it in *England*, where indeed they are moſt potent in potting: your *Dane*: your *Germane*, and your ſwag-bellied *Hollander*, (drink ho,) are nothing to your *Engliſh*.

Caſ. Is your *Engliſh* man ſo exquiſite in his drinking?

Jag. Why, he drinks you with facillity, your *Dane* dead drunk: he ſweats not to overthrow your *Almain*; he gives your *Hollander* a vomit, ere the next pottle can be fill'd

Caſ. To the health of our General.

Mon. I am for it Lieutenant, and I will do you juſtice.

Jag. O ſweet *England.*——

King Stephen *was and a worthy Peer,*
His breeches cost him but a Crown,
He held 'em six pence all to dear,
With that he call'd the Taylor lown ;
He was a Wight of high Renown,
And thou art but of low degree,
'Tis pride that pulls the Country down,
Then take thine auld cloke about thee.—Some wine ho.

Caſ. Why, this is a more exquiſite ſong than the other.

Jag. Will you hear't again.

Caſ. No, for I hold him unworthy of his place, that does thoſe things well. Heaven's above all, and there be Souls that muſt be ſaved.

Jag. It is true good Lieutenant.

Caſ. For mine own part, no offence to the General, nor any man of quality, I hope to be ſaved.

Jag. And ſo do I Lieutenant,

Caſ. I, but by your leave, not before me; the Lieutenant is to be ſaved before the Ancient, Let's ha no more of this, let's to our affairs : forgive us our ſins : Gentlemen, let's look to our buſineſs: do not think Gentlemen I am drunk, this is my Ancient, this is my right hand, and this is my left hand : I am not drunk now, I can ſtand well enough, and ſpeak well enough.

All. Excellent well.

Caſ. Why very well then : you muſt not think then that I am drunk. [*Exit.*

Mon. To the platform Maſters. Come let's ſet the watch.

Jag. You ſee this fellow that is gone before,
He is a Souldier fit to ſtand by *Cæſar*,
And give direction: and do but ſee his vice ;
'Tis to his virtue, a juſt equinox,
The one as long as th'other : 'tis pity of him,
I fear the truſt, *Othello* put him in,
On ſome odd time of his infirmity,
Will ſhake this Iſland.

Mon. But is he often thus.

Jag. 'Tis evermore the Prologue to his ſleep.
He'll watch the horologe a double ſet,
If drink rock not his cradle.

Mon. 'Twere well the General were put in mind of it,
Perhaps he ſees it not, or his good nature
Praiſes the virtue that appears in *Caſſio*,
And looks not on his evils : is not this true ?

Jag. How now *Roderigo*, *Enter* Roderigo.
I pray you after the Lieutenant go *Exit* Rod.

Mon. And 'tis great pity that the noble Moore
Should hazard ſuch a place, as his own ſecond.
With one of an ingraft infirmity :
It were an honeſt action to ſay ſo to the Moore.

Jag.

Jag. Not I, for this fair Iſland:
I do love *Caſſio* well, and would do much, *Help, Help, within.*
To cure him of this evil: but hark, what noiſe.

Enter Caſſio, *driving in* Roderigo.

Caſ. You rogue, you raſcall.
Mon. What's the matter Lieutenant?
Caſ. A knave, teach me my duty: but I'le beat the knave into a wicker bottle.
Rod. Beat me?
Caſ. Doſt thou prate rogue?
Mon. Good Lieutenant; pray Sir hold your hand.
Caſ. Let me go Sir, or I'll knock you o're the mazzard.
Mon. Come, come, you are drunk.
Caſ. Drunk? [*they fight.*
Jag. Away I ſay, go out, and cry a mutiny. *Exit* Rod.
Nay good Lieutenant: God's-will Gentlemen,
Help ho, Lieutenant: Sir, *Montanio*, Sir,
Help Maſters, here's a goodly watch indeed: *A bel rings*
Who's that that rings the Bell? Diablo—ho,
The Town will riſe, fie, fie, Lieutenant hold,
You will be 'ſham'd for ever.

Enter Othello, *and Gentlemen with weapons*

Oth. What's the matter here?
Mon. I bleed ſtill, I am hurt to the death. [*he faints.*
Oth. Hold for your lives.
Jag. Hold, hold Lieutenant, Sir *Montanio*, Gentlemen,
Have you forgot all place of ſence and duty:
Hold the General ſpeaks to you; hold, hold, for ſhame.
Oth. Why how now ho, from whence ariſes this?
Are we turn'd *Turks*, and to our ſelves do that,
Which Heaven has forbid the *Ottamites*:
For Chriſtian ſhame, put by this barbarous brawle;
He that ſtirs next, to carve for his own rage,
Holds his ſoul light, he dyes upon his motion:
Silence that dreadful Bell, it frights the Iſle
From her propriety: what's the matter maſters?
Honeſt *Jago*, that looks dead with grieving,
Speak, who began this, on thy love I charge thee.
Jag. I do not know, friends all but now, even now,
In quarter, and in terms, like bride and groom,
Diveſting them to bed, and then but now,
(As if ſome Planet had unwitted men,)

Swords out and tilting one at others breaſt,
In oppoſition bloody. I cannot ſpeak
Any beginning to this peeviſh odds;
And would in action glorious, I had loſt
Thoſe legs, that brought me to a part of it.
Oth. How came it *Michael*, you were thus forgot?
Caſ. I pray you pardon me, I cannot ſpeak.
Oth. Worthy *Montanio*, you were wont to be civil,
The gravity and ſtilneſs of your youth
The world hath noted, and your name is great,
In mouths of wiſeſt cenſure. What's the matter
That you unlace your reputation thus,
And ſpend your rich opinion, for the name
Of a night brawler? give me anſwer to't?
Mon. Worthy *Othello*, I am hurt to danger,
Your Officer *Jago* can inform you,
While I ſpare ſpeech, which ſomething now offends me,
Of all that I do know, nor know I ought
By me, that's ſaid or done amiſs this night;
Unleſs ſelf-charity be ſometime a vice,
And to defend our ſelves it be a ſin,
When violence aſſayls us.
Oth. Now by Heaven
My blood begins my ſafer guides to rule,
And paſſion having my beſt judgement cool'd,
Aſſayes to lead the way: If once I ſtir,
Or do but lift this Arm the beſt of you
Shall ſink in my rebuke: give me to know
How this foul rout began, who ſet it on,
And he that is approv'd in this offence;
Tho he had twinn'd with me, both at a birth,
Shall loſe me; what, in a Town of war,
Yet wild, the peoples hearts brim full of fear,
To mannage private and domeſtick quarrels,
In night, and on the Court and guard of ſafety?
'Tis monſtrous. *Jago*, who began?
Mon. If partiality aſſign'd, or league in office
Thou doeſt deliver more or leſs than truth,
Thou art no Souldier.
Jag. Touch me not ſo near,
I had rather ha' this tongue out of my mouth,
Then it ſhould do offence to *Michael Caſſio*;
Yet I perſwade my ſelf to ſpeak the truth.
Shall nothing wrong him. Thus it is General:
Montanio and my ſelf being in ſpeech,
There comes a fellow, crying out for help,
And *Caſſio* following him with determin'd ſword,

To

To execute upon him: Sir this Gentleman
Steps into *Caſſio*, and intreats his pauſe;
My ſelf the crying fellow did purſue,
Leſt by his clamor, as it ſo fell out,
The Town might fall in fright: he ſwift of foot,
Out-ran my purpoſe; and I return the rather,
For that I heard the clink and fall of ſwords;
And *Caſſio* high in oath, which till to night,
I ne're might ſay before: when I came back,
For this was brief, I found them cloſe together,
At blow and thruſt, even as agen they were,
When you your ſelf did part them.
More of this matter can I not report,
But men are men, the beſt ſometimes forget:
Tho *Caſſio* did ſome little wrong to him,
As men in rage ſtrike thoſe that wiſh them beſt;
Yet ſurely *Caſſio*, I believe receiv'd
From him that fled, ſome ſtrange indignity,
Which patience could not paſs.
Oth. I know *Jago*,
Thy honeſty and love doth mince this matter,
Making it light to *Caſſio*: *Caſſio*, I love thee,
But never more be Officer of mine.
Look if my gentle love be not rais'd up:

Enter Deſdemona, *with others.*

I'le make thee an example.
Deſ. What's the matter?
Oth. All's well now ſweeting:
Come away to bed: Sir, for your hurts,
My ſelf will be your Surgeon; lead him off;
Jago, look with care about the Town,
And ſilence thoſe whom this vile braul diſtracted.
Come *Deſdemona*, 'tis the Souldiers life,
To have their balmy ſlumbers wak'd with ſtrife.
Jag. What, are you hurt Lieutenant?

Exit Moor, Deſdemona, *and Attendants.*

Caſ. I, paſt all Surgery.
Jag. Marry Heaven forbid.
Caſ. Reputation, reputation, ho I loſt my reputation:
I ha loſt the immortal part Sir of my ſelf,
And what remains is beſtial, my reputation,
Jago, my reputation.

Jag. As I am an honeſt man, I thought you had receiv'd ſome bodily wound, there is more offence in that, then in Reputation: reputation is an idle and moſt falſe impoſition, oft got without merit, and loſt without deſerving: You have loſt no reputation at all, unleſs you repute your ſelf ſuch a loſer; what man, there are ways to recover the General agen: you are but now caſt in his mood, a puniſhment more in policy, then in malice, even ſo, as one would beat his offenceleſs dog, to affright an imperious Lion: ſue to him again, andhe's yours.

Caſ. I will rather ſue to be deſpis'd, then to deceive ſo good a Commander, with ſo light, ſo drunken, and diſcreet an Officer. Drunk? and ſpeak parrat? and ſquabble, ſwagger, ſwear? and diſcourſe fuſtian with ones one ſhaddow, O thou inviſible ſpirit of wine, if thou haſte no name to be known by, let us call thee Devil.

Jag. What was he that you followed with your ſword? What had he done to you?

Caſ. I know not.

Jag. Is't poſſible?

Caſ. I remember a maſs of things, but nothing diſtinctly; a quarrel, but nothing wherefore. O that men ſhould put an enemy in their mouths, to ſteal away their brains; that we ſhould with joy revel, pleaſure, and applauſe, transform our ſelves into beaſts.

Jag. Why, but you are now well enough: how came you thus recovered?

Caſ. It hath pleas'd the devil drunkenneſs, to give place to the devil wrath; one unperfectneſs ſhews me another, to make me frankly deſpiſe my ſelf.

Jag. Come, you are too ſevere a morraler; as the time, the place, the condition of this Country ſtands, I could heartily wiſh, this had not ſo befaln; but ſince it is as it is, mend it for your own good.

Caſ. I will ask him for my place again, he ſhall tell me I am a drunkard: had I as many mouths as *Hydra*, ſuch an anſwer would ſtop 'em all; to be now a ſenſible man, by and by a fool, and preſently a beaſt: every inordinate cup is unbleſt, and the ingredience is a devil.

Jag. Come, come, good wine is a good familiar creature, if it be well us'd; exclaim no more againſt it; and good Lievtenant, I think you think I love you.

Caſ. I have well approv'd it Sir,—I drunk?

Jag. You, or any man living may be drunk at ſome time man: I'le tell you what you ſhall do, ——our Generals wife is now the General; I may ſay ſo in this reſpect, for that he has devoted and given up himſelf to the contemplation, mark and devotement of her parts and graces. Confeſſe your ſelf freely to her, importune her, ſhe'll help to put you into your place again: ſhe is ſo free, ſo kind, ſo apt ſo bleſſed a diſpoſition, that ſhe holds it a vice in her goodneſs, not to do more than ſhe is requeſted. This broken joynt between you and her husband, intreat her to ſplinter, and my fortunes againſt any lay, worth naming, this crack of your love ſhall grow ſtronger then 'twas before.

Caſ. You adviſe me well.

Jag.

Jag. I proteſt in the ſincerity of love and honeſt kindneſs.

Caſ. I think it freely, and betimes in the morning, will I beſeech the vertuous *Deſdemona*, to undertake for me; I am deſperate of my fortunes, if they check me here.

Jag. You are in the right:
Good night Lieutenant, I muſt to the watch.

Caſ. Good night honeſt *Jago*. *Exit.*

Jag. And what's he then, that ſays I play the villain,
When this advice is free I give, and honeſt,
Probal to thinking, and indeed the courſe,
To win the Moor agen? For 'tis moſt eaſie
The inclining *Deſdemona* to ſubdue,
In any honeſt ſuit ſhe's fram'd as fruitful,
As the free Elements: and then for her
To win the Moor, wer't to renounce his baptiſm,
All ſeals and ſymbols of redeemed ſin,
His ſoul is ſo infetter'd to her love,
That ſhe may make, unmake, do what ſhe liſt,
Even as her appetite ſhall play the god
With his weak function: how am I then a villain,
To counſel *Caſſio* to this parrallel courſe,
Directly to his good? divinity of hell,
When devils will their blackeſt ſins put on,
They do ſuggeſt at firſt with heavenly ſhews,
As I do now; for whilſt this honeſt fool
Plys *Deſdemona* to repair his fortunes,
And ſhe for him, pleads ſtrongly to the Moor;
I'le pour this peſtilence into his ear,
That ſhe repeals him for her bodies luſt;
And by how much ſhe ſtrives to do him good,
She ſhall undo her credit with the Moor;
So will I turn her vertue into pitch,
And out of her own goodneſs, make the net
That ſhall enmeſh them all: *Enter* Roderigo.
how now *Roderigo?*

Rod. I do follow here in the chaſe, not like a hound that hunts, but one that fills up the cry: my money is almoſt ſpent, I ha been to night exceedingly well cudgell'd; I think the iſſue will be, I ſhall have ſo much experience for my pains, and ſo no money at all, and with a little more wit return to *Venice*.

Jag. How poor are they, that have not patience?
What wound did ever heal but by degrees?
Thou knoweſt we work by wit, and not by witchcraft,
And wit depends on dilatory time.
Does not go well? *Caſſio* has beaten thee,
And thou, by that ſmall hurt, hath caſheir'd *Caſſio*,
Tho other things grow fair againſt the ſun,

Yet

Yet fruits that bloſſom firſt, will firſt be ripe;
Content thy ſelf a while; by 'th' maſs 'tis morning;
Pleaſure, and action, make the hours ſeem ſhort:
Retire thee, go where thou art billitted;
Away I ſay, thou ſhalt know more hereafter:
Nay get thee gon: Some things are to be done,
My wife muſt move for *Caſſio* to her Miſtreſs,
I'le ſet her on.
My ſelf a while, to draw the Moor apart,
And bring him jump, when he may *Caſſio* find,
Soliciting his wife: I, that's the way,
Dull not deviſe by coldneſs and delay. *Exeunt*

Actus Tertius. Scœna prima.

Enter Caſſio, *with Muſicians.*

Caſ. MAſters play here, I will content your pains,
Something that's brief, and bid goodmorrow General.

They play, and enter the Clown.

Clo. Why Maſters, ha your Inſtruments been at *Naples*, that they ſpeak i'th' noſe thus?

Boy. How Sir, how?

Clo. Are theſe I pray, call'd wind Inſtruments?

Boy. I marry are they Sir.

Clo. O, thereby hangs a tail.

Boy. Whereby hangs a tail Sir?

Clo. Marry Sir, by many a wind Inſtrument that I know. But Maſters, her's money for you, and the General ſo likes your muſick, that he deſires you for loves ſake, to make no more noiſe with it.

Boy. Well Sir, we will not.

Clo. If you have any muſick that may not be heard, to't again; but as they ſay, to hear muſick, the General does not greatly care.

Boy. We ha none ſuch Sir.

Clo. Then put your pipes in your bag, for I'le away; go vaniſh into air, away.

Caſ. Doſt thou hear my honeſt friend?

Clo. No, I hear not your honeſt friend, I hear you.

Caſ. Prethee keep up thy quallets, there's a poor piece of gold for thee: If the Gentlewoman that attends the Generals wife be ſtirring, tell her there's one *Caſſio*, entreats her a little favour of ſpeech——wilt thou do this?

Clo.

Clo. She is ſtirring Sir, if ſhe will ſtir hither, I ſhall ſeem to notifie unto her. *Enter* Iago.

Caſ. Do good my friend: In happy time *Iago*. *Exit* Clown.

Iag. You ha not been abed then.

Caſ. Why no, the day had broke before we parted:
I ha made bold *Iago* to ſend in to your wife,—my ſuit to her,
Is, that ſhe will to vertuous *Deſdemona*
Procure me ſome acceſs.

Iag. I'le ſend her to you preſently,
And I'le deviſe a mean to draw the Moor
Out of the way, that your converſe and buſineſs
May be more free. *Exit.*

Caſ. I humbly thank you for't: I never knew
A *Florentine* more kind and honeſt.

Enter Emillia.

Em. Goodmorrow good Lievtenant, I am ſorry
For your diſpleaſure, but all will ſoon be well,
The General and his wife are talking of it,
And ſhe ſpeaks for you ſtoutly: the Moore replies,
That he you hurt is of great fame in *Cyprus*,
And great affinity, and that in wholſome wiſdom,
He might not but refuſe: but he proteſts he loves you,
And needs no other ſutor but his likings,
To take the ſafeſt occaſion by the front,
To bring you in again.

Caſ. Yet I beſeech you,
If you think fit, or that it may be done,
Give me advantage of ſome brief diſcourſe
With *Deſdemona* alone.

Em. Pray you come in,
I will beſtow you where you ſhall have time,
To ſpeak your boſome freely.

Caſ. I am much bound to you. *Exeunt.*

Enter Othello, Iago, *and other Gentlemen.*

Oth. Theſe letters give *Iago* to the Pilate,
And by him do my duties to the State;
That done, I will be walking to the works,
Repair there to me.

Iag. Well my good Lord, I'le do't,

Oth. This fortification Gentlemen, ſhall we ſee't?

Gent. We wait upon your Lordſhip. *Exeunt.*

Enter Desdemona, Cassio *and* Emillia.

Des. Be thou assur'd good *Cassio*, I will do
All my abilities in thy behalf.
Em. Good Madam do, I know it grieves my Husband,
As if the case were his.
Des. O that's an honest fellow:—do not doubt *Cassio*,
But I will have my Lord and you again,
As friendly as you were.
Cas. Bounteous Madam,
What ever shall become of *Michael Cassio*,
He's never any thing but your true servant.
Des. O Sir, I thank you, you do love my Lord:
You have known him long, and be you well assur'd,
He shall in strangest, stand no farther off,
Then in a politick distance.
Cas. I but Lady,
That policy may either last so long,
Or feed upon such nice and wateriſh diet,
Or breed it self, so out of circumstance,
That I being absent, and my place supplied,
My General will forget my love and service.
Des. Do not doubt that, before *Emilia* here,
I give thee warrant of thy place: assure thee,
If I do vow a friendship, I'le perform it,
To the last Article: my Lord shall never rest,
I'le watch him tame, and talk him out of patience;
His bed shall seem a School, his boord a shrift,
I'le intermingle every thing he does,
With *Cassio's* suit; therefore be merry *Cassio*,
For thy Soliciter shall rather die,
Then give thy cause away.

Enter Othello, Iago, *and Gentlemen.*

Em. Madam, here comes my Lord.
Cas. Madam I'le take my leave.
Des. Nay stay, and hear me speak.
Cas. Madam not now, I am very ill at ease,
Vnfit for mine own purpose.
Des. Well, do your discretion. *Exit* Cassio.
Iag. Ha, I like not that.
Oth. What dost thou say?
Iag. Nothing my Lord, or if,—I know not what.
Oth. Was not that *Cassio* parted from my wife?
Iag. *Cassio* my Lord?—no sure, I cannot think it,

That

That he would ſteal away ſo guilty-like,
Seeing you coming.
Oth. I do believe 'twas he.
Deſ. How now my Lord,
I have been talking with a Suitor here,
A man that languiſhes in your diſpleaſure.
Oth. Who i'ſt you mean?
Deſ. Why your Lieutenant *Caſſio*, good my Lord,
If I have any grace or power to move you,
His preſent reconciliation take:
For if he be not one that truly loves you,
That errs in ignorance, and not in cunning,
I have no judgment in an honeſt face,
I prithee call him back.
Oth. Went he hence now?
Deſ. Yes faith, ſo humbled,
That he has left part of his griefs with me,
To ſuffer with him; good Love call him back.
Oth. Not now ſweet *Deſdemon*, ſome other time.
Deſ. But ſhall't be ſhortly?
Oth. The ſooner ſweet for you.
Deſ. Shall't be to night at Supper?
Oth. No, not to night.
Deſ. To morrow dinner then?
Oth. I ſhall not dine at home,
I meet the Captains at the Cittadel.
Deſ. Why then to morrow night, or Tueſday morn,
On Tueſday morn, or night, or Wedneſday morn,
I prithee name the time, but let it not
Exceed three dayes: faith he's penitent.
And yet his treſpaſs in our common reaſon,
(Save that they ſay, the wars muſt make examples,
Out of her beſt) is not almoſt a fault,
To incurr a private check: when ſhall he come?
Tell me *Othello*: I wonder in my ſoul
What you could ask me, that I ſhould deny?
Or ſtand ſo mamm'ring on? What *Michael Caſſio*?
That came a wooing with you, and ſo many a time
When I have ſpoke of you diſpraiſingly,
Hath tane your part, to have ſo much to do
To bring him in? Truſt me, I could do much,——
Oth. Prithee no more, let him come when he will,
I will deny thee nothing.
Deſ. Why this is not a boon
'Tis as I ſhould intreat you wear your gloves:
Or feed on nouriſhing diſhes, or keep you warm.
Or ſue to you, to do a peculiar profit

To your own perſon: nay, when I have a ſuit,
Wherein I mean to touch your love indeed,
It ſhall be full of poiſe and difficult weight,
And fearful to be granted.
Oth. I will deny thee nothing,
Whereon I do beſeech thee grant me this,
To leave me but a little to my ſelf.
Deſ. ſhall I deny you? no, farewel my Lord.
Oth. Farewel my *Deſdemona*, I'le come to thee ſtraight.
Deſ. *Emilia*, come, be it as your fancies teach you,
What ere you be I am obedient. *Exeunt* Deſ. *and* Em.
Oth. Excellent wretch, perdition catch my ſoul,
But I do love thee, and when I love thee not.
Chaos is come again.
Jag. My noble Lord.
Oth. What doſt thou ſay *Jago*?
Jag. Did *Michael Caſſio* when you wooed my Lady,
Know of your love?
Oth. He did from firſt to laſt: —Why doſt thou ask?
Jag. but for a ſatisfaction of my thought,
No further harm.
Oth. Why of thy thought *Jago*?
Jag. I did not think he had been acquainted with her.
Oth. O yes, and went between us very oft.
Jag. Indeed?
Oth. Indeed? I indeed, diſcern'ſt thou ought in that?
Is he not honeſt?
Jag. Honeſt my Lord? *Oth.* Honeſt? I honeſt.
Jag. My Lord, for ought I know,
Oth. What doſt thou think?
Jag. Think my Lord?
Oth. Think my Lord? why doſt thou eccho me,
As if there were ſome monſter in thy thought,
Too hidious to be ſhown: Thou doſt mean ſomething:
I heard thee ſay but now, thou lik'ſt not that?
When *Caſſio* left my wife: what didſt not like?
And when I told thee, he was of my counſel,
In my whole courſe of woing thou cri'dſt indeed?
And didſt contract, and purſe thy brow together,
As if thou then hadſt ſhut up in thy brain,
Some horrible conceit: If thou doſt love me,
Shew me thy thought.
Jag. My Lord you know I love you.
Oth. I think thou doſt,
And for I know, thou art full of love and honeſty,
And weigheſt thy words, before thou giv'ſt 'em breath,
Therefore theſe ſtops of thine fright me the more;

For ſuch things in a falſe diſloyal Knave,
Are tricks of cuſtome; but in a man that's juſt,
They are cloſe dilations, working from the heart,
That paſſion cannot rule.
Jag. For *Michael Caſſio*,
I dare be ſworn, I think that he is honeſt.
Oth. I think ſo too
Jag. Men ſhould be what they ſeem,
Or thoſe that be not, would they might ſeem none.
Oth. Certain, men ſhould be what they ſeem,
Jag. Why then I think *Caſſio*'s an honeſt man.
Oth. Nay, yet there's more in this,
I prethee ſpeak to me, as to thy thinkings.
As thou doſt ruminate, and give thy worſt of thoughts,
The worſt of words.
Jag. Good my Lord pardon me;
Though I am bound to every act of duty,
I am not bound to that all ſlaves are free too,
Utter my thoughts: Why, ſay they are vile and falſe:
As where's that Pallace, whereinto foul things
Sometimes intrude not? Who has a breaſt ſo pure,
But ſome uncleanly apprehenſions
Keep Leets and Law-dayes, and in Seſſion ſit
With meditations lawful?
Oth. Thou doſt conſpire againſt thy friend *Jago*,
If thou but thinkeſt him wrong'd, and makeſt his ear
A ſtranger to thy thoughts.
Jag. I do beſeech you,
Though I perchance am vicious in my gheſs,
(As I confeſs it is my natures plague,
To ſpy into abuſes, and oft my jealouſie
Shapes faults that are not:) that your wiſdome yet,
From one that ſo imperfectly conceits,
Would take no notice, nor build your ſelf a trouble
Out of my ſcattering and unſure obſervance;
It were not for your quiet, nor your good,
Nor for my manhood, honeſty, or wiſdome,
To let you know my thoughts.
Oth. What doſt thou mean?
Jag. Good name in man and woman (dear my Lord)
Is the immediate Jewel of our Souls:
Who ſteals my purſe, ſteals traſh, 'tis ſomething, nothing,
'Twas mine, 'tis his, and has been ſlave to thouſands:
But he that filches from me my good name,
Robs me of that which not inriches him,
And makes me poor indeed,
Oth. I'll know thy thoughts.

Jag. You cannot, if my heart were in your hand,
Nor ſhall not, whilſt 'tis in my cuſtody.
Oth. Ha?
Jag. O beware (my Lord) of jealouſie;
It is a green ey'd monſter, which doth mock
The meat it feeds on, That Cuckold lives in bliſs,
Who certain of his fate, loves not his wronger:
But oh, what damned minutes tells he ore,
Who dotes, yet doubts, ſuſpects, yet ſtrongly loves.
Oth. O miſery.
Jag. Poor and content is rich, and rich enough,
But riches fineleſs, is as poor as winter,
To him that ever fears he ſhall be poor:
Good Heaven, the Souls of all my Tribe defend
From jealouſie.
Oth. Why, why is this?
Think'ſt thou I'de make a life of jealouſie?
To follow ſtill the changes of the Moon
With freſh ſuſpitions? No, to be once in doubt,
Is once to be reſolv'd: exchange me for a Goat,
When I ſhall turn the buſineſs of my Soul
To ſuch exufflicate, and blown ſurmiſes,
Matching thy inference: 'tis not to make me jealous,
To ſay my wife is fair, feeds well, loves company,
Is free of ſpeech, ſings, plays, and dances well;
Where virtue is, theſe are more virtuous:
Nor from mine own weak merits will I draw
The ſmalleſt fear, or doubt of her revolt,
For ſhe had eyes, and choſen me: no *Jago*,
I'le ſee before I doubt, when I doubt, prove;
And on the proof, there is no more but this,
Away at once with love and jealouſie
Jag. I am glad of it, for now I ſhall have reaſon
To ſhew the love and duty that I bear you,
With franker ſpirit: therefore as I am bound,
Receive it from me: I ſpeak not yet of proof,
Look to your wife, obſerve her well with *Caſſio*;
Wear your eye thus, not jealous, nor ſecure,
I would not have your free and noble nature,
Out of ſelf-bounty be abus'd, look too't:
I know our Country diſpoſition well,
In *Venice* they do let Heaven ſee the pranks,
They dare not ſhew their husbands: their beſt conſcience
Is not to leave't undone, but keep't unknown.
Oth. Doſt thou ſay ſo?
Jag. She did deceive her father marrying you:
And when ſhe ſeem'd to ſhake and fear your looks,
She lov'd them moſt.

Oth.

Oth. And ſo ſhe did.
Jag. Why go too then,
She that ſo young, could give out ſuch a ſeeming,
To ſeal her fathers eyes up, cloſe as Oak,
He thought 'twas witchcraft; but I am much too blame;
I humbly do beſeech you of your pardon,
For too much loving you.
Oth. I am bound to thee for ever.
Jag. I ſee this hath a little daſht your Spirits.
Oth. Not a jot, not a jot.
Jag. Truſt me, I fear it has.
I hope you will conſider what is ſpoke,
Comes from my love: but I do ſee you are mov'd,
I am to pray you, not to ſtrain my ſpeech
To groſſer iſſues, nor to larger reach,
Then to ſuſpition.
Oth. I will not.
Jag. Should you do ſo my Lord.
My ſpeech ſhould fall into ſuch vile ſucceſs,
As my thoughts aim not at: *Caſſio's* my worthy friend:
My Lord, I ſee you are mov'd.
Oth. No, not much mov'd,
I do not think but *Deſdemona's* honeſt.
Jag. Long live ſhe ſo, and long live you to think ſo.
Oth. And yet how nature erring from it ſelf.
Jag. I, there's the point: as to be bold with you,
Not to affect many propoſed matches,
Of her own clime, complexion, and degree,
Whereto we ſee in all things nature tends;
Fie we may ſmell in ſuch a will moſt rank,
Foul diſproportion, thoughts unnatural.
But pardon me: I do not in poſition,
Diſtinctly ſpeak of her, tho I may fear
Her will recoyling to her better Judgment,
May fall to match you with her country forms,
And happily repent.
Oth. Farewel, if more
Thou doſt perceive, let me know more, ſet on
Thy wife to obſerve: leave me *Jago.*
Jag. My Lord I take my leave.
Oth. Why did I marry? This honeſt creature doubtleſs
Sees, and knows more, much more than he unfolds.
Jag. My Lord, I would I might intreat your honour,
To ſcan this thing no farther, leave it to time,
And though 'tis fit that *Caſſio* have his place,
(For ſure he fills it up with great ability,)
Yet if you pleaſe to hold him off a while,

You

You ſhall by that, perceive him and his means;
Note if your Lady ſtrain her entertainment,
With any ſtrong or vehement importunity,
Much will be ſeen in that, in the mean time,
Let me be thought too buſie in my fears,
(As worthy cauſe I have, to fear I am:)
And hold her free, I do beſeech your honour.
Oth. Fear not my government.
Iag. I once more take my leave. [*Exit.*
Oth. This fellow's of exceeding honeſty,
And knows all quantities with a learned ſpirit
Of humane dealings: If I do prove her haggard,
Tho that her Jeſſes were my dear heart ſtrings,
I'de whiſtle her off, and let her down the wind,
To prey at fortune. Happily, for I am black,
And have not thoſe ſoft parts of converſation,
That Chamberers have, or for I am declin'd
Into the vale of years, yet that's not much,
She's gone, I am abus'd, and my relief
Muſt be to loath her: O curſe of marriage,
That we can call theſe delicate creatures ours,
And not their appetites: I had rather be a Toad,
And live upon the vapor in a dungeon,
Then keep a corner in a thing I love,
For others uſes: yet 'tis the plague of great ones,
Prerogativ'd are they leſs then the baſe,
'Tis deſtiny unſhunnable, like death:
Even then this forked plague is fated to us,
When we do quicken: *Deſdemona* comes,
If ſhe be falſe, O then Heaven mocks it ſelf,
I'le not believe it.

Enter Deſdemona *and* Emillia

Deſ. How now my dear *Othello*?
Your dinner, and the generous Ilander
By you invited, do attend your preſence.
Oth. I am to blame,
Deſ. Why is your ſpeech ſo faint? are you not well?
Oth. I have a pain upon my forehead, dear.
Deſ. Why that's with watching, 'twill away again;
Let me but bind it hard, within this hour
It will be well.
Oth. Your napkin is too little:
Let it alone, come I'll go in with you.
Deſ. I am very ſorry that you are not well.
Em. I am glad I have found this napkin, *Exit* Oth. *and* Deſ.

This

This was her firſt remembrance from the Moor,
My wayward husband, hath a hundred times
Wooed me to ſteal it, but ſhe ſo loves the token,
For he conjur'd her ſhe ſhould ever keep it,
That ſhe reſervs it ever more about her,
To kiſs and talk too; I'le ha the work tane out,
And giv't *Jago:* what he'll do with it,
Heaven knows, not I, [*Enter* Jago.
I nothing, but to pleaſe his fantaſie.

Jag. How now, what do you here alone?

Em. Do not you chide, I have a thing for you.

Jag. A thing for me, it is a common thing—

Em. Ha?

Jag. To have a fooliſh wife.

Em. O, is that all? what will you give me now,
For that ſame handkerchief?

Jag. What handkerchief?

Em. What handkerchief?
Why, that the Moor firſt gave to *Deſdemona*,
That which ſo often you did bid me ſteal.

Jag. Ha'ſt ſtole it from her?

Em. No faith, ſhe let it drop by negligence,
And to the advantage, I being here took it up:
Look, here it is.

Jag. A good wench, give it me.

Em. What Will you do with it,
That you have been ſo earneſt to have me filch it?

Jag. Why, what's that to you?

Em. If't be not for ſome purpoſe of import,
Give me't again, poor Lady, ſhe'll run mad
When ſhe ſhall lack it.

Jag. Be not you acknown on't, I have uſe for it:—go leave me
I will in *Caſſio*'s lodging loſe this napkin, *Exit* Em.
And let him find it: Trifles light as Air
Are to the jealous confirmations ſtrong
As proofs of holy Writ, this may do ſomething:
The Moor already changes with my poiſon,
Dangerous conceits are in their natures poiſons,
Which at the firſt are ſcarce found to diſtaſt;
But with a little act upon the blood, [*Enter* Othello.
Burn like the mines of Sulphure: I did ſay ſo:
Look where he comes, not Poppy, nor Mandragora,
Nor all the drouſie ſirops of the world,
Shall ever medicine thee to that ſweet ſleep,
Which thou owedſt yeſterday.

Oth. Ha, ha, falſe to me, to me?

Jag. Why how now General? no more of that.

Oth. Avant, be gone, thou haſt ſet me on the rack,
I ſwear, 'tis better to be much abus'd,
Then but to know't a little.
Jag. How now my Lord?
Oth. What ſence had I of her ſtolne hours of luſt:
I ſaw't not, thought it not, it harm'd not me,
I ſlept the next night well, was free and merry;
I found not *Caſſio*'s kiſſes on her lips;
He that is rob'd, not wanting what is ſtolne,
Let him not know't and he's not rob'd at all.
Jag. I am ſorry to hear this.
Oth. I had been happy if the general Camp,
Pyoners and all, had taſted her ſweet body,
So I had nothing known: O now for ever
Farewel the tranquile mind, farewel content;
Farewel the plumed Troop, and the big wars,
That makes ambition virtue: O farewel,
Farewel the neighing Steed, and the ſhrill Trump,
The ſpirit-ſtirring Drum, the ear-piercing Fife,
The royal Banner, and all quality,
Pride, pomp, and circumſtance of glorious war.
And O ye mortal Engines, whoſe wide throats,
The immortal *Joves* great clamors counterfeit;
Farewel, *Othello*'s Occupation's gone.
Jag. Iſt poſſible my Lord?
Oth. Villain, be ſure thou prove my Love a whore,
Be ſure of it, give me the ocular proof,
Or by the worth of my eternal Soul,
Thou hadſt better have been born a dog,
Then anſwer my wak'd wrath.
Jag. Iſt come to this?
Oth. Make me to ſee't, or at the leaſt ſo prove it,
That the probation bear no hinge, nor loop,
To hang a doubt on: or woe upon thy life.
Jag. My noble Lord.
Oth. If thou doſt ſlander her, and torture me,
Never pray more, abandon all remorce:
On horrors head, horrors accumulate:
Do deeds to make Heaven weep, all Earth amaz'd,
For nothing canſt thou to damnation add greater than that.
Jag. O grace, O Heaven defend me,
Are you a man have you a ſoul or ſenſe?
God buy you, take my Office,—O wretched fool,
That liveſt to make thine honeſty a vice:
O monſtrous world take note, take note O world,
To be direct and honeſt is not ſafe,
I thank you for this profit, and from hence,

I'll

I'le love no friend, ſince love breeds ſuch offence.
Oth. Nay ſtay, thou ſhouldſt be honeſt,
Jag. I ſhould be wiſe, for honeſty's a fool,
And loſes that it works for.
Oth. By the world,
I think my wife be honeſt, and think ſhe is not,
I think that thou art juſt, and think thou art not;
I'le have ſome proof: her name that was as freſh
As *Dians* viſage, is now begrim'd, and black
As mine own face: if there be cords or knives,
Poyſon, or fire, or ſuffocating ſtreams,
I'le not endure it: would I were ſatisfied.
Jag. I ſee Sir, you are eaten up with paſſion,
I do repent me that I put it to you;
You would be ſatisfied.
Oth. Would, nay, I will.
Jag. And may, but how, how ſatisfied my Lord?
Would you the ſupervifion groſsly gape on,
Behold her topt?
Oth. Death and damnation—oh.
Jag. It were a tedious difficulty I think,
To bring 'em to that proſpect, damn 'em then,
If ever mortal eyes did ſee them boulſter
More than their own; what then, how then?
What ſhall I ſay? where's ſatisfaction?
It is impoſſible you ſhould ſee this,
Were they as prime as Goats, as hot as Monkies,
As ſalt as Wolves in pride, and fools as groſs
As ignorance made drunk: but yet I ſay,
If imputation and ſtrong circumſtances,
Which lead directly to the dore of truth
Will give you ſatisfaction, you may ha't.
Oth. Give me a living reaſon, that ſhe's diſloyal.
Jag. I do not like the Office,
But ſith I am enter'd into this cauſe ſo far,
Prickt to't by fooliſh honeſty and love,
I will go on: I lay with *Caſſio* lately,
And being troubled with a raging tooth, I could not ſleep,
There are a kind of men ſo looſe of ſoul,
That in their ſleep will mutter their affairs,
One of this kind is *Caſſio*:
In ſleep I heard him ſay, Sweet *Deſdemona*,
Let us be wary, let us hide our loves;
And then Sir would he gripe and wring my hand,
Cry out ſweet creature, and then kiſs me hard,
As if he pluckt up kiſſes by the roots,
That grew upon my lips, then layed his leg

Over my thigh, and ſigh'd, and kiſſed, and then
Cryed, curſed fate, that gave thee to the Moor.
Oth. O monſtrous, monſtrous.
Jag. Nay, this was but his dream.
Oth. But this denoted a fore-gon concluſion,
'Tis a ſhrewd doubt, tho it be but a dream.
Jag. And this may help to thicken other proofs.
That do demonſtrate thinly.
Oth. I'le tear her all to pieces.
Jag. Nay, but be wiſe, yet we ſee nothing done,
She may be honeſt yet: tell me but this,
Have you not ſometimes ſeen a handkerchief,
Spotted with ſtrawberries in your wives hand?
Oth. I gave her ſuch a one, 'twas my firſt gift.
Jag. I know not that, but ſuch a handkerchief,
I am ſure it was your wives, did I to day
See *Caſſio* wipe his beard with.
Oth. If't be that.
Jag. If it be that, or any, it was hers,
It ſpeaks againſt her, with the other proofs.
Oth. O that the ſlave had forty thouſand lives,
One is too poor, too weak for my revenge:
Now I do ſee 'tis true, look here *Jago*,
All my fond love, thus do I blow to Heaven,——'tis gone.
Ariſe black vengeance from thy hollow Cell,
Yield up O love thy crown, and hearted Throne,
To tyrannous hate, ſwell boſome with thy fraught,
For 'tis of Aſpicks tongues. [*he kneels*
Jag. Pray be content.
Oth. O blood, *Jago*, blood.
Jag. Patience I ſay, your mind perhaps may change,
Oth. Never *Jago*.
Like to the *Pontick* Sea,
Whoſe icy current and compulſive courſe,
Ne'r feels retiring ebbe, but keeps due on,
To the *Propontick* and the *Helleſpont*:
Even ſo my bloody thoughts, with violent pace,
Shall ne're look back, ne're ebbe to humble love,
Till that a capable and wide revenge
Swallow them up. Now by yond marble Heaven,
In the due reverence of a ſacred vow,
I here engage my words.
Jag. Do not riſe yet: [Jago *kneels*.
Witneſs the ever-burning lights above,
You Elements that clip us round about;
Witneſs that here, *Jago* doth give up
The execution of his wit, hand, heart,

To wrong'd *Othello*'s ſervice: let him command,
And to obey, ſhall be in me remorce,
What bloody work ſo ever.
Oth. I greet thy love;
Not with vain thanks, but with acceptance bounteous,
And will upon the inſtant put thee to't,
Within theſe three dayes, let me hear thee ſay
That *Caſſio*'s not alive.
Jag. My friend is dead:
'Tis done as you requeſt, but let her live.
Oth. Damn her leud minks: O damn her,
Come, go with me apart, I will withdraw,
To furniſh me with ſome ſwift means of death,
For the fair devil: now art thou my Lieutenant.
Jag. I am your own for ever. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Deſdemona, Emillia, *and the Clown.*

Deſ. Do you know Sirra, where the Lieutenant *Caſſio* lies?
Clo. I dare not ſay he lies any where,
Deſ. Why man?
Clo. He is a Souldier, and for one to ſay a Souldier lies, is ſtabbing.
Deſ. Go too, where lodges he?
Clo. To tell you where he lodges, is to tell you where I lie.
Deſ. Can any thing be made of this?
Clo. I know not where he lodges, and for me to deviſe a lodging, and ſay he lies there, were to lye in mine own throat.
Deſ. Can you enquire him out, and be edified by report?
Clo. I will catechize the world for him, that is, make queſtions, and by them anſwer.
Deſ. Seek him, bid him come hither, tell him I have moved my Lord in his behalf, and hope all will be well.
Clo. To do this, is within the compaſs of mans wit, and therefore I'le attempt the doing of it. [*Exit.*
Deſ. Where ſhould I loſe that handkerchief *Emillia*?
Em. I know not Madam.
Deſ. Believe me, I had rather loſe my purſe
Full of Cruſadoes: and but my noble Moor,
Is true of mind, and made of no ſuch baſeneſs,
As jealous creatures are, it were enough
To put him to ill thinking.
Em. Is he not jealous?
Deſ. Who he? I think the Sun where he was born,
Drew all ſuch humors from him. [*Enter* Othello.
Em. Look where he comes.
Deſ. I will not leave him now,
Till *Caſſio* be call'd to him: how is it with you my Lord?
Oth. Well my good Lady: O hardneſs to diſſemble:

How

How do you *Desdemona*?

Des. Well, my good Lord.

Oth. Give me your hand, this hand is moist my Lady,

Des. It yet has felt no age, nor known no sorrow.

Oth. This argues fruitfulness and liberal heart,
Hot, hot, and moist, this hand of yours requires
A sequester from liberty: fasting and praying,
Much castigation, exercise devout;
For here's a young and sweating devil here,
That commonly rebels: 'tis a good hand,
A frank one.

Des. You may indeed say so.
For 'twas that hand that gave away my heart.

Oth. A liberal hand, the hearts of old gave hands,
But our new heraldry is hands, not hearts,

Des. I cannot speak of this; come now your promise.

Oth. What promise chuck?

Des. I have sent to bid *Cassio* come speak with you.

Oth. I have a salt and sullen rhume offends me,
Lend me thy handkerchief.

Des. Here my Lord.

Oth. That which I gave you.

Des. I have it not about me.

Oth. Not.

Des. No indeed my Lord.

Oth. That's a fault: that handkerchief
Did an *Egyptian* to my mother give,
She was a Charmer, and could almost read
The thoughts of people; she told her while she kept it,
'Twould make her amiable, and subdue my father
Intirely to her love: But if she lost it,
Or made a gift of it, my fathers eye
Should hold her loathed, and his spirit should hunt
After new fancies: She dying gave it me,
And bid me, when my fate would have me wive,
To give it her; I did so, and take heed on't,
Make it a darling like your precious eye,
To lose, or giv't away, were such perdition,
As nothing else could match.

Des. Is't possible?

Oth. 'Tis true, there's magick in the web of it,
A Sybel that had numbred in the world,
The Sun to course two hundred compasses,
In her prophetick fury, sowed the work:
The worms were hallowed that did breed the silk,
And it was died in Mummy, which the skilful
Conserve of Maidens hearts.

Des.

Def. Indeed, is't true?
Oth. Moſt veritable, therefore look to't well.
Def. Then would to God that I had never ſeen it.
Oth. Ha, wherefore?
Def. Why do you ſpeak ſo ſtartingly and raſh?
Oth. I'ſt loſt? i'ſt gone? ſpeak, is it out o'th way?
Def. Bleſs us.
Oth. Say you?
Def. It is not loſt, but what and if it were?
Oth. Ha.
Def. I ſay it is not loſt.
Oth. Fetch't, let me ſee it,
Def. Why ſo I can Sir, but I will not now,
This is a trick, to put me from my ſuit,
I pray let *Caſſio* be receiv'd again.
Oth. Fetch me that handkerchief, my mind miſgives.
Def. Come, come, you'l never meet a more ſufficient man.
Oth. The handkerchief.
Def. A man, that all his time
Hath founded his good fortunes on your love,
Shar'd dangers with you.
Oth. The handkerchief.
Def. In ſooth you are to blame.
Oth. Away. *Exit.*
Em. Is not this man jealous?
Def. I nere ſaw this before:
Sure ther's ſome wonder in this handkerchief,
I am moſt unhappy in the loſs of it.

Enter Jago *and* Caſſio.

Em. 'Tis not a year or two ſhews us a man,
They are all but ſtomachs, and we all but food;
They eat us hungerly, and when they are full,
They belch us; look you, *Caſſio* and my husband.
Jag. There is no other way, 'tis ſhe muſt do it,
And lo the happineſs, go, and importune her.
Def. How now good *Caſſio*, what's the news with you?
Caſ. Madam, my former ſuit: I do beſeech you,
That by your vertuous means, I may again,
Exiſt, and be a member of his love,
Whom I, with all the office of my heart,
Intirely honour, I would not be delayed:
If my offence be of ſuch mortal kind,
That not my ſervice paſt nor preſent ſorrows,
Nor purpos'd merit in futurity,
Can ranſom me into his love again

Enter

But to know ſo, muſt be my benefit,
So ſhall I cloath me in a forc'd content,
And ſhut my ſelf up in ſome other courſe,
To fortunes alms.

Def. Alas thrice gentle *Caſſio*,
My advocation is not now in tune;
My Lord is not my Lord, nor ſhould I know him,
Were he in favour, as in humor alter'd:
So help me, every ſpirit ſanctified,
As I have ſpoken for you all my beſt,
And ſtood within the blank of his diſpleaſure,
For my free ſpeech you muſt a while be patient,
What I can do I will, and more I will
Then for my ſelf I dare, let that ſuffice you.

Jag. Is my Lord angry?

Em. He went hence but now,
And certainly in ſtrange unquietneſs.

Jag. Can he be angry? I have ſeen the Cannon,
When it hath blown his ranks into the air;
And like the devil from his very arm,
Puft his own brother, and can he be angry?
Something of moment then: I will go meet him,
There's matter in't indeed, if he be angry.

Def. I prethee do ſo: ſomething ſure of State,
Either from *Venice*, or ſome unhatcht practice,
Made demonſtrable here in *Cypres* to him,
Hath pudled his clear ſpirit, and in ſuch caſes,
Mens natures wrangle with inferiour things,
Tho great ones are the object,
'Tis even ſo; for let our finger ake,
And it endues our other healthful members,
Even to that ſenſe of pain; nay, we muſt think,
Men are not gods,
Nor of them look for ſuch obſervances
As fits the Bri'al: beſhrew me much *Emilia*,
I was (unhandſome warrier as I am)
Arraigning his unkindneſs with my ſoul;
But now I find, I had ſubborn'd the witneſs,
And he's indited falſly.

Em. Pray heaven it be State matters as you think,
And no conception, nor no jealous toy
Concerning you.

Def. Alas the day, I never gave him cauſe.

Em. But jealous ſouls will not be anſwered ſo;
They are not ever jealous for the cauſe,
But jealous for they are jealous: 'tis a monſter,
Begot upon it ſelf, born on it ſelf

Def.

Def. Heaven keep that monſter from *Othello's* mind.
Em. Lady, Amen.
Def. I will go ſeek him, *Caſſio* walk here about,
If I do find him fit, I'le move your ſuit, *Exeunt* Deſd.
And ſeek to affect it to my uttermoſt. *and* Emillia.
Caſ. I humbly thank your Ladiſhip. *Enter* Bianca.
Bian. Save you friend *Caſſio.*
Caſ. What make you from home?
How is it with you my moſt fair *Bianca?*
Indeed ſweet love I was coming to your houſe.
Bia. And I was going to your lodging *Caſſio;*
What keep a week away? ſeven days and nights,
Eightſcore eight hours, and lovers abſent hours,
More tedious then the dial, eightſcore times,
O weary reckoning!
Caſ. Pardon me *Bianca,*
I have this while with leaden thoughts been preſt,
But I ſhall in a more continuate time,
Strike off this ſcore of abſence: ſweet *Bianca,*
Take me this work out,
Bia. Oh *Caſſio,* whence came this?
This is ſome token from a newer friend
To the felt abſence, now I feel a cauſe,
Is't come to this? well, well.
Caſ. Go to woman,
Throw your vile gheſſes in the devils teeth,
From whence you have them, you are jealous now,
That this is from ſome Miſtreſs, ſome remembrance,
No in good troth *Bianca.*
Bia. Why, whoſe is it?
Caſ. I know not ſweet, I found it in my chamber,
I like the work well, ere it be demanded,
As like enough, it will I'de have it coppied,
Take it and do't and leave me for this time.
Bia. Leave you, wherefore?
Caſ. I do attend here on the General,
And think it no addition, nor my wiſh,
To have him ſee me woman'd.
Bia. Why I pray you?
Caſ. Not that I love you not.
Bia. But that you do not love me:
I pray you bring me on the way a little,
And ſay, if I ſhall ſee you ſoon at night.
Caſ. 'Tis but a little way that I can bring you,
For I attend here, but I'le ſee you ſoon.
Bia. 'Tis very good, I muſt be circumſtanc'd. *Exeunt.*

Actus Quartus. Scœna prima.

Enter Jago *and* Othello.

Jag. WIll you think ſo?
Oth. Think ſo *Jago*.
Jag. What, to kiſs in private?
Oth. An unauthoriz'd kiſs.
Jag. Or to be naked with her friend abed,
An hour, or more, not meaning any harm?
Oth. Naked abed *Jago*, and not mean harm?
It is hypocriſie againſt the devil:
They that mean vertuouſly, and yet do ſo,
The devil their vertue tempts, and they tempt heaven.
Jag. So they do nothing 'tis a venial ſlip;
But if I give my wife a handkerchief.
Oth. What then?
Jag. Why then 'tis hers my Lord, and being hers,
She may, I think, beſtow't on any man.
Oth. She is protectreſs of her honour too,
May ſhe give that?
Jag. Her honour is an eſſence that's not ſeen,
They have it very oft, that have it not:
But for the handkerchief.
Oth. By heaven I would moſt gladly have forgot it:
Thou ſaidſt (O it comes o're my memory,
As doth the Raven o're the infected houſe,
Boding to all.) he had my handkerchief.
Jag. What of that?
Oth. That's not ſo good now.
Jag. What if I had ſaid I had ſeen him do you wrong?
Or heard him ſay, (as knaves be ſuch abroad,
Who having by their own importunate ſuite,
Or voluntary dotage of ſome Miſtris,
Conjured, or ſupplied them, cannot chuſe,
But they muſt blab.)
Oth. Hath he ſaid any thing?
Jag. He hath my Lord, but be you well aſſur'd,
No more then he'l unſwear.
Oth. What hath he ſaid?
Jag. Why that he did—I know not what he did.
Oth. What? *Jag.* Lye.

Oth.

Oth. With?

Jag. With her, on her, what you will.

Oth. Lie with her, lie on her? We ſay lie on her, when they bely her; lye with her, that's fulſome, handkerchiefs, confeſſion, handkerchiefs: to confeſs, and be hang'd for his labour, firſt to be hang'd, and then to confeſs; I tremble at it: Nature would not inveſt her ſelf in ſuch ſhadowing paſſion, without ſome inſtruction: It is not words that ſhakes me thus, (piſh) noſes, ears, lips: Is't poſſible? confeſs? handkerchief? O devil. *Falls in a trance.*

Jag. Work on my medicine, work: thus credulous fools are caught, and many worthy and chaſt Dames, even thus (all guiltleſs) meet reproach: What ho my Lord, my Lord I ſay, *Othello*,—how now *Caſſio?*

Enter Caſſio.

Caſ. What's the matter?

Jag. My Lord is fallen into an Epilepſy,
This is his ſecond fit, he had one yeſterday.

Caſ. Rub him about the temples.

Jag. No, forbear.
The Lethargy muſt have his quiet courſe,
If not, he foams at mouth, and by and by
Breaks out to ſavage madneſs: look, he ſtirs:
Do you withdraw your ſelf a little while,
He will recover ſtraight; when he is gone,
I would on great occaſion ſpeak with you.
How is it General, have you not hurt your head?

Oth. Doſt thou mock me? *Exit* Caſ.

Jag. I mock you, no by heaven,
Would you would bear your fortunes like a man.

Oth. A horned man's a monſter, and a beaſt.

Jag. There's many a beaſt then in a populous City,
And many a civil monſter.

Oth. Did he confeſs?

Jag. Good Sir be a man,
Think every bearded fellow, that's but yoak'd,
May draw with you, there's millions now alive,
That nightly lye in thoſe improper beds,
Which they dare ſwear peculiar: your caſe is better:
O 'tis the ſpite of hell, the fiends arch mock,
To lip a wanton in a ſecure Couch,
And to ſuppoſe her chaſt: No, let me know,
And knowing what I am, I know what ſhe ſhall be.

Oth. O thou art wiſe, 'tis certain.

Jag. Stand you a while apart,
Confine your ſelf but in a patient liſt:
Whilſt you were here orewhelmed with your grief,
(A paſſion moſt unfitting ſuch a man,)

Caſſio cam hither, I ſhifted him away,
And layed good ſcuſe upon your extaſy;
Bad him anon retire, and here ſpeak with me,
The which he promis'd: But incave your ſelf,
And mark the jears, the gibes, and notable ſcorns,
That dwell in every region of his face;
For I will make him tell the tale anew,
Where, how, how oft, how long ago, and when,
He has, and is again to cope your wife:
I ſay, but mark his geſture, marry patience,
Or I ſhall ſay, you are all in all, in ſpleen,
And nothing of a man.
Oth. Doſt thou hear *Jago*,
I will be found moſt cunning in my patience,
But doſt thou hear, moſt bloody.
Jag. That's not amiſs:
But yet keep time in all: will you withdraw?
Now will I queſtion *Caſſio* of *Bianca*;
A huſwife, that by ſelling her deſires,
Buys her ſelf bread and cloaths; it is a creature,
That dotes on *Caſſio*; as 'tis the ſtrumpets plague
To beguile many, and be beguil'd by one: *Enter* Caſ.
He, when he hears of her, cannot refrain
From the exceſs of laughter: here he comes:
As he ſhall ſmile *Othello* ſhall go mad,
And his unbookiſh jealouſie muſt conſter
Poor *Caſſio's* ſmiles, geſtures, and light behaviour,
Quite in the wrong: How do you now Lievtenant?
Caſ. The worſer that you give me the addition,
Whoſe want even kills me.
Jag. Ply *Deſdemona* well, and you are ſure on't.
Now, if this ſuit lay in *Bianca's* power,
How quickly ſhould you ſpeed.
Caſ. Alas poor cative.
Oth. Look how he laughs already.
Jag. I never knew a woman love man ſo.
Caſ. Alas poor rogue, I think indeed ſhe loves me.
Oth. Now he denies it faintly, and laughs it out.
Jag. Do you hear *Caſſio*?
Oth. Now he importunes him to tell it on;
Go to, well ſaid.
Jag. She gives it out that you ſhall marry her,
Do you intend it?
Caſ. Ha, ha, ha.
Oth. Do you triumph Roman, do you triumph?
Caſ. I marry her? what? a Cuſtomer;
I prethee bear ſome charity to my wit,

Do not think it ſo unwholſome: ha, ha, ha.

Oth. So, ſo, ſo, ſo, they laugh that wins.

Jag. Why, the cry goes, that you ſhall marry her,

Caſ. Prethee ſay true.

Jag. I am a very villain elſe.

Oth. Ha you ſcoar'd me? well.

Caſ. This is the monkies own giving out; ſhe is perſwaded I will marry her, out of her own love and flattery, not out of my promiſe.

Oth. *Jago* beckons me, now he begins the ſtory.

Caſ. She was here even now, ſhe haunts me in every place, I was tother day talking on the ſea bank with certain *Venetians*, and thither comes this bauble, falls me thus about my neck.

Oth. Crying, O dear *Caſſio*, as it were: his geſture imports it.

Caſ. So hangs and jolls, and weeps upon me; ſo hales, and pulls me, ha, ha, ha.

Oth. Now he tells how ſhe pluckt him to my Chamber;
I ſee that noſe of yours, but not that dog I ſhall throw't to.

Caſ. Well, I muſt leave her company: *Enter* Bianca.
Before me, look where ſhe comes,
Tis ſuch another Fitchew; marry a perfum'd one: What do you mean by this haunting of me?

Bian. Let the devil and his dam haunt you: what did you mean by that ſame handkerchief you gave me even now? I was a fine fool to take it; I muſt take out the work, a likely piece of work, that you ſhould find it in your chamber, and not know who left it there: this is ſome minxes token, and I muſt take out the work; there, give it the hobby-horſe; whereſoever you had it, I'le take out no work on't.

Caſ. How now my ſweet *Bianca*, how now, how now?

Oth. By heaven that ſhould be my handkerchief.

Bia. An you'll come to ſupper to night, you may, an you will not, come when you are next prepar'd for. *Exit.*

Jag. After her, after her.

Caſ. I muſt, ſhe'l rail i'the ſtreet elſe.

Jag. You ſup there.

Caſ. Yes, I intend ſo.

Jag. Well. I may chance to ſee you, for I would very fain ſpeak with you.

Caſ. Prethee come, will you?

Jag. Go to, ſay no more. *Exit* Caſſio.

Oth. How ſhall I murder him *Jago*?

Jag. Did you perceive, how he laughed at his vice?

Oth. O *Jago*.

Jag. And did you ſee the handkerchief?

Oth. Was that mine?
I would have him nine years a killing; a fine woman, a fair woman, a ſweet woman.

Jag. Nay, you muſt forget that

Oth. And let her rot and periſh, and be damn'd to night, for ſhe ſhall not

live: no, my heart is turn'd to a ſtone; I ſtrike it, and it hurts my hand: O the world has not a ſweater creature, ſhe might lie by an Emperors ſide, and command him tasks.

Jag. Nay, that's not your way.

Oth. Hang her, I do not ſay what ſhe is: So delicate with her needle, an admirable Muſitian; O ſhe will ſing the ſavageneſs out of a Bear; of ſo high and plentious wit and invention.

Jag. She's the worſe for all this.

Oth. A thouſand thouſand times: and then of ſo gentle a condition.

Jag. I, too gentle.

Oth. Nay that's certain, but yet the pity of it *Jago*, oh the pity.

Jag. If you be ſo fond over her iniquity, give her patent to offend, for if it touches not you, it comes near no body.

Oth. I will chop her in meſſes,—cuckold me!

Jag. O, 'tis foul in her.

Oth. With mine Officer.

Jag. That's fouler.

Oth. Get me ſome poiſon *Jago*, this night Ile not expoſtulate with her, leſt her body and beauty unprovide my mind agen, this night *Jago*.

Jag. Do it not with poyſon, ſtrangle her in her bed, even the bed ſhe hath contaminated.

Oth. Good, good, the juſtice of it pleaſes, very good.

Jag. And for *Caſſio*, let me be his undertaker: you ſhall hear more by midnight. *A Trumpet.*

Enter Lodovico, Deſdemona, *and Attendants.*

Oth. Excellent good:
What Trumpet is that ſame?

Jag. Something from *Venice* ſure; 'tis *Lodovico*
Come from the Duke, and ſee, your wife is with him.

Lod. Save you worthy General.

Oth. With all my heart Sir.

Lod. The Duke and Senators of *Venice* greet you.

Oth. I kiſs the inſtrument of their pleaſures.

Deſ. And what's the news good couſen *Lodovico?*

Jag. I am very glad to ſee you Seignior:—
Welcome to *Cyprus.*

Lod. I thank you, how does Lieutenant *Caſſio*?

Jag. Lives Sir.

Deſ. Couſen, there's fallen between him and my Lord,
An unkind breach, but you ſhall make all well.

Oth. Are you ſure of that?

Deſ. My Lord.

Oth. This fail you not to do, as you will.—

Lod. He did not call, he's buſie in the paper:
Is there Diviſion 'twixt my Lord and *Caſſio*?

Deſ.

Def. A moſt unhappy one, I would do much
to attone them, for the love I bear to *Caſſio*.
Oth. Fire and Brimſtone.
Def. My Lord.
Oth. Are you wiſe?
Def. What, is he angry?
Lod. May be the letter mov'd him;
For as I think they do command him home,
Deputing *Caſſio* in his government.
Def. Truſt me, I am glad on't.
Oth. Indeed.
Def. My Lord.
Oth. I am glad to ſee you mad.
Def. How ſweet *Othello*?
Oth. Devil.
Def. I have not deſerv'd this.
Lod. My Lord, this would not be believ'd in *Venice*.
Tho I ſhould ſwear I ſaw't: 'tis very much,
Make her amends, ſhe weeps.
Oth. O Devil, Devil,
If that the earth could teem with womens tears,
Each drop ſhe falls would prove a Crocadile:
Out of my ſight.
Def. I will not ſtay to offend you.
Lod. Truly an obedient Lady:
I do beſeech your Lordſhip, call her back.
Oth. Miſtreſs.
Def. My Lord.
Oth. What would you with her Sir?
Lod. Who I my Lord?
Oth. I, you did wiſh that I would make her turn:
Sir ſhe can turn, and turn, and yet go on,
And turn again, and ſhe can weep Sir, weep;
And ſhee's obedient, as you ſay obedient,
Very obedient, proceed you in your tears,
Concerning this Sir: O well painted paſſion:
I am commanded home:—get you away,
I'le ſend for you anon:—Sir, I obey the Mandat,
And will returne to *Venice*:—hence avant,
Caſſio ſhall have my place; and Sir to night
I do intreat that we may ſup together.
You are welcome Sir to *Cyprus*,—goats and monkies.
Lod. Is this the noble Moor, whom our full Senate
Call all in all ſufficient? This the noble nature,
Whom paſſion could not ſhake? Whoſe ſolid vertue,
The ſhot of accident, nor dart of chance
Could neither graze nor pierce?

Jag.

Jag. He is much changed.
Lod. Are his wits safe? is he not light of brain?
Jag. He's that he is, I may not breath my censure,
What he might be, if what he might be, he is not,
I would to heaven he were.
Lod. What, strike his Wife!
Jag. Faith that was not so well; yet would I knew
That stroak would prove the worst.
Lod. Is it his use?
Or did the letters work upon his blood,
And new create this fault?
Jag. Alas, alas:
It is not honesty in me to speak
What I have seen and known; you shall observe
And his own courses will denote him so,
That I may save my speech: do but go after him,
And marke how he continues.
Lod. I am sorry that I am deceiv'd in him *Exeunt.*

Enter Othello *and* Emillia.

Oth. You have seen nothing then.
Em. Nor ever heard, nor ever did suspect.
Oth. Yes, and you have seen *Cassio* and she together.
Em. But then I saw no harm, and then I heard
Each syllable that breath made up between 'em.
Oth. What, did they never whisper?
Em. Never, my Lord.
Oth. Nor send you out o'the way?
Em. Never.
Oth. To fetch her Fan, her Mask, her Gloves, nor nothing.
Em. Never, my Lord.
Oth. That's strange.
Em. I durst my Lord, to wager she is honest,
Lay down my soul at stake: if you think other,
Remove your thought, it doth abuse your bosome,
If any wretch ha put this in your head,
Let heaven require it with the Serpents curse,
For if she be not honest, chast, and true,
There's no man happy, the purest of their wives,
Is foul as slander. *Exit* Emillia.
Oth. Bid her come hither, go,
She says enough, yet she's a simple Bawd,
That cannot say as much: this is a subtle Whore,
A closet, lock and key, of villanous secrets,
And yet shee'l kneel and pray, I ha seen her do't.

Enter

Enter Desdemona and *Emilia*.

Des. My Lord, what is your will?
Oth. Pray chuck come hither.
Des. What is your pleasure?
Oth. Let me see your eyes—look in my face.
Des. What horrible fancy's this?
Oth. Some of your function Mistress,
Leave procreants alone, and shut the door,
Coff, or cry hem, if any body come,
Your Mistress, your Mistress; nay dispatch.
Des. Upon my knees, What does your speech import?
I understand a fury in your words,
But not the words.
Oth. Why, what art thou?
Des. Your wife my Lord, your true and loyal wife.
Oth. Come, swear it, dam thy self,
Lest being like one of heaven, the devils themselves
Should fear to seize thee, therefore be double damn'd;
Swear thou art honest.
Des. Heaven doth truly know it.
Oth. Heaven truly knows, that thou art false as hell.
Des. To whom, my Lord, with whom? how am I false?
Oth. O *Desdemona*, away, away, away.
Des. Alas the heavy day, why do you weep?
Am I the occasion of those tears my Lord?
If haply you my father do suspect,
An instrument of this your calling back,
Lay not your blame on me; if you have lost him,
Why I have lost him too.
Oth. Had it pleas'd heaven
To try me with affliction, had he rain'd
All kinds of sores, and shames on my bare head,
Steep'd me in poverty to the very lips,
Given to captivity, me and my hopes,
I should have found in some part of my soul
A drop of patience; but alas to make me
A fixed figure, for the time of scorn,
To point his slow unmoving finger at—oh, oh,
Yet could I bear that too, well, very well.
But there, where I have garner'd up my heart,
Where either I must live, or bear no life,
The fountain from the which my currant runs,
Or else drives up, to be discarded thence,
Or keep it as a Cestern, from foul Toads
To knot and gender in: turn thy complexion there,

Patience thy young and roſe-lip'd Cherubin,
I here look grim as hell.
Deſ. I hope my noble Lord eſteems me honeſt.
Oth. O I, as ſummers flies are in the ſhambles,
That quicken even with blowing:
O thou black weed, why art ſo lovely fair?
Thou ſmell'ſt ſo ſweet, that the ſence akes at thee,
Would thou hadſt ne're been born.
Deſ. Alas, what ignorant ſin have I committed?
Oth. Was this fair paper, this moſt goodly book,
Made to write whore upon?——What committed?
Committed: Oh thou publick Commoner;
I ſhould make very forges of my cheeks,
That would to cinders burn up modeſty,
Did I but ſpeak thy deeds: what committed?
Heaven ſtops the noſe at it, and the Moon winks;
The bawdy wind that kiſſes all it meets,
Is huſht within the hallow Mine of earth,
And will not hear't:—what committed,—impudent ſtrumpet,
Deſ. By heaven you do me wrong.
Oth. Are not you a ſtrumpet?
Deſ. No, as I am a Chriſtian:
If to preſerve this veſſel for my Lord,
From any other foul unlawful touch,
Be not to be a ſtrumpet, I am none.
Oth. What, not a whore?
Deſ. No, as I ſhall be ſaved.
Oth. Is't poſſible?
Deſ. O heaven forgive us.
Oth. I cry you mercy then,
I took you for that cunning whore of *Venice* *Enter* Emilia.
That married with *Othello*: You miſtreſs,
That have the office oppoſite to St. *Peter*,
And keeps the gates in hell; you, you, I you;
We ha done our courſe; there's money for your pains;
I pray you turn the key, and keep our counſel *Exit.*
Em. Alas, what does this Gentleman conceive:
How do you Madam? how do you my good Lady:
Deſ. Faith half a ſleep.
Em. Good Madam, what's the matter with my Lord?
Deſ. With who?
Em. Why, with my Lord Madam.
Deſ. Who is thy Lord?
Em. He that is yours, ſweet Lady.
Deſ. I ha none, do not talk to me *Emilia*;
I cannot weep, nor anſwer have I none,
But what ſhould go by water: prethee to night

Lay

Lay on my bed my wedding ſheets, remember,
And call thy husband hither.
Em. Here is a change indeed. *Exit.*
Deſ. 'Tis meet I ſhould be uſ'd ſo, very meet,
How have I been behav'd, that he might ſtick
The ſmall'ſt opinion on my leaſt miſuſe. *Enter* Jago
Jag. What is your pleaſure Madam? *and* Emillia.
How is't with you?
Deſ. I cannot tell, thoſe that do teach young babes,
Do it with gentle means, and eaſie taskes;
He might ha chid me ſo, for in good faith,
I am a child to chiding.
Jag. What is the matter Lady?
Em. Alas *Jago*, my Lord hath ſo bewhor'd her,
Thrown ſuch deſpite, and heavy tearms upon her
As true hearts cannot bear.
Deſ. Am I that name *Jago?*
Jag. What name fair Lady?
Deſ. Such as ſhe ſays my Lord did ſay I was.
Em. He call'd her whore; a beggar in his drink
Could not have laid ſuch tearms upon his Callet.
Jag. Why did he ſo?
Deſ. I do not know, I am ſure I am none ſuch.
Jag. Do not weep, do not weep: alas the day.
Em. Has ſhe forſook ſo many noble matches,
Her Father, and her Country, and her Friends,
To be call'd whore? would it not make one weep?
Deſ. It is my wretched fortune.
Jag. Beſhrew him for it: how comes this trick upon him?
Deſ. Nay, heaven doth know.
Em. I will be hang'd, if ſome eternal villain,
Some buſie and inſinuating rogue,
Some cogging, couſening ſlave, to get ſome office,
Have not devis'd this ſlander I'le be hang'd elſe.
Jag. Fie there is no ſuch man, it is impoſſible.
Deſ. If any ſuch there are heaven pardon him.
Em. A halter pardon him, and hell gnaw his bones:
Why ſhould he call her whore? who keeps her company?
What place, what time, what form, what likelihood?
The Moor's abus'd by ſome moſt villanous knave,
Some baſe notorious knave, ſome ſcurvy fellow;
O heaven, that ſuch companions thoudſt unfold,
And put in every honeſt hand a whip,
To laſh the raſcal naked through the world,
Even from the eaſt to'th weſt.
Jag. Speak within doors.
Em. O fie upon him; ſome ſuch Squire he was,

That turnd your wit, the ſeamy ſide without,
And made you to ſuſpect me with the Moor.
Jag. You are a fool, go to.
Deſ. O good *Jago*,
What ſhall I do to win my Lord again?
Good friend go to him, for by this light of heaven,
I know not how I loſt him.
Here I kneel:
If ere my will did treſpaſs 'gainſt his love,
Either in diſcourſe, or thought, or actual deed,
Or that mine eyes, mine ears, or any ſence,
Delighted them in any other form;
Or that I do not yet, and ever did,
And ever will (though he do ſhake me off
To beggerly divorcement,) love him deerly:
Comfort forſwear me; undindneſs may do much,
And his unkindneſs may defeat my life,
But never taint my love, I cannot ſay whore,
It doth abhor me, now I ſpeak the word,
To do the act, that might th'addition earn,
Not the worlds maſs of vanity could make me.
Jag. I pray you be content, 'tis but his humour,
The buſineſs of the State does him offence,
And he does chide with you.
Deſ. If 'twere no other.
Jag. 'Tis but ſo, I warrant you:
Hark how theſe Inſtruments ſummon you to ſupper.
The meat, great Meſſengers of *Venice* ſtay;
Go in, and weep not, all things ſhall be well. *Exit woman.*
How now *Roderigo*? *Enter* Roderigo.
Rod. I do not find that thou deal'ſt juſtly with me.
Jag. What in the contrary?
Rod. Every day thou doffeſt me with ſome device *Jago*; and rather as it ſeems to me now, keep'ſt from me all conveniency, then ſupplieſt me with the leaſt advantage of hope: I will indeed no longer indure it, nor am I yet perſwaded to put up in peace, what already I have fooliſhly ſuffered.
Jag. Will you hear me *Roderigo*?
Rod. Sir I have heard too much,
For your words and performance,
Are no kin together.
Jag. You charge me moſt unjuſtly.
Rod. With nought but truth: I have waſted my ſelf out of means; the Jewels you have had from me, to deliver to *Deſdemona*, would half have corrupted a Votariſt: you have told me ſhe has receiv'd em, and return'd me expectation, and comforts of ſudden reſpect and acquaintance, but I find none.
Jag. Well, go to, very well.

Rod.

Rod. Very well, go to, I cannot go to (man,) nor 'tis not very well; I say 'tis very scurvy, and begin to find my self fopt in it.

Jag. Very well.

Rod. I say it is not very well: I will make my self known to *Desdemona*; if she will return me my Jewels, I will give over my suit, and repent my unlawful solicitation, if not, assure your self, I'le seek satisfaction of you.

Jag. You have said now.

Rod. I, and said nothing, but what I protest entendment of doing,

Jag. Why now I see there's mettle in thee, and even from this instant, do build on thee a better opinion then ever before; give me thy hand *Roderigo*: Thou hast taken against me a most just conception, but yet I protest, I have dealt most directly in thy affair.

Rod. It hath not appeared.

Jag. I grant indeed it hath not appear'd and your suspition is not without wit and judgment: But *Roderigo*, if thou hast that within thee indeed, which I have greater reason to believe now, then ever, I mean, purpose, courage, and valour; this night shew it; if thou the next night following enjoyest not *Desdemona*, take me from this world with treachery, and devise engines for my life.

Rod. Well, is it within reason and compass?

Jag. Sir, there is special commission come from *Venice*,
To depute *Cassio* in *Othello's* Place.

Rod. Is that true? why then *Othello* and *Desdemona*
Return again to *Venice*.

Jag. O no, he goes into *Mauritania*, and takes away with him
The fair *Desdemona*, unless his abode be linger'd
Here by some accident, wherein none can be so determinate,
As the removing of *Cassio*.

Rod. How do you mean removing of him?

Jag. Why, by making him uncapable of *Othello's* place,
Knocking out his brains.

Rod. And that you would have me to do.

Jag. I, and if you dare do your self a profit and right; he sups to night with a harlotry, and thither will I go to him; — he knows not yet of his honourable fortune: if you will watch his going thence, which I will fashion to fall out between twelve and one, you may take him at your pleasure: I will be neer to second your attempt, and he shall fall between us: come, stand not amaz'd at it, but go along with me, I will shew you such a necessity in his death, that you shall think your self bound to put it on him. It is now high supper time, and the night grows to wast: about it.

Rod. I will hear further reason for this.

Jag. And you shall be satisfied. *Exeunt.*

Enter Othello, Desdemona, Lodovico, Emillia, *and Attendants.*

Lod. I do beseech you Sir, trouble your self no further.

Oth. O pardon me, it shall do me good to walk.

Lod.

Lod. Madam, good night, I humbly thank your Ladiſhip.

Deſ. Your Honour is moſt welcome.

Oth Will you walk Sir:—O *Deſdemona.*

Deſ. My Lord.

Oth. Get you to bed o'the inſtant, I will be return'd, forthwith diſpatch your Attendant there,—look it be done. *Exeunt.*

Deſ. I will my Lord.

Em. How does it now? he looks gentler then he did.

Deſ. He ſays he will return incontinent:
He hath commanded me to go to bed,
And bad me to diſmiſs you.

Em. Diſmiſs me?

Deſ. It was his bidding, therefore good *Emillia*,
Give me my nightly wearing, and adieu,
We muſt not now diſpleaſe him.

Em. Would you had never ſeen him.

Deſ. So would not I, my love doth ſo approve him,
That even his ſtubbornneſs, his checks and frowns,
(Prethee unpin me) have grace and favour in them.

Em. I have laid thoſe ſheets you bad me on the bed.

Deſ. All's one, good father; how fooliſh are our minds;
If I do die before thee, prethee ſhrowd me
In one of thoſe ſame ſheets.

Em. Come, come, you talk.

Deſ. My mother had a Maid call'd *Barbary*,
She was in love, and he ſhe lov'd prov'd mad,
And did forſake her; ſhe had a ſong of willow,
An old thing 'twas, but it expreſt her fortune,
And ſhe died ſinging it; that ſong to night
Will not go from my mind:
I have much to do;
But to go hang my head all at one ſide, and ſing it like poor *Barbary* prethee diſpatch.

Em. Shall I go fetch your night-gown?

Deſ. No, unpin me here.
This *Lodovico* is a proper man.

Em. A very handſome man.

Deſ. He ſpeaks well.

Em. I know a Lady in *Venice*, would have walk'd barefooted to *Paleſtine* for a touch of his neither lip.

Deſdemona *ſings.*

The poor ſoul ſat ſighing by a ſicamour tree,
ſing all a green willow,
Her hand on her boſome, her head on her knee,
ſing willow, willow, willow;

The

The freſh ſtreams ran by her, and murmur'd her moans,
ſing willow, willow, willow,
Her ſalt tears fell from her, which ſofined the ſtones,
ſing willow, &c, (Lay by theſe.)
willow, willow.
(Prethee hie thee, he'l come anon.)
Sing all a green willow muſt be my garland.

Let nobody blame him, his ſcorn I approve:
(Nay, that's not next: hark, who's that knocks?)
Em. 'Tis the wind.
Deſ. I call'd my Love falſe, but what ſaid he then?
ſing willow, willow, willow,
If I court mo women, you'l couch with mo men.
So, get thee gone, good night, mine eyes do itch,
Does that boad weeping?
Em. 'Tis neither here nor there.
Deſ. I have heard it ſaid ſo: O theſe men, theſe men:
Doſt thou in conſcience think (tell me *Emillia*,)
That there be women do abuſe their husbands
In ſuch groſs kinds?
Em. There be ſome ſuch no queſtion.
Deſ. Wouldſt thou do ſuch a thing, for all the world?
Em. Why, would not you?
Deſ. No, by this heavenly light,
Em. Nor I neither, by this heavenly light,
I might as well do it in the dark.
Deſ. Wouldſt thou do ſuch a deed, for all the world?
Em. The world is a huge thing, it is a great price
For a ſmall vice.
Deſ. In troth I think thou wouldſt not.
Em. In troth I think I ſhould, and undo't when I had done it, marry I would not do ſuch a thing for a joynt-ring, or for meaſures of Lawn, nor for Gowns, Petticots, or Caps, nor any petty exibition; but for the whole world: why who would not make her husband a Cuckold to make him a Monarch? I ſhould venter purgatory for it.
Deſ. Beſhrew me, if I would do ſuch wrong
For the whole world.
Em. Why, the wrong is but a wrong i'th world; and having the world for your labour, 'tis a wrong in your own world, and you might quickly make it right.
Deſ. I do not think there is any ſuch woman.
Em. Yes, a dozen, and as many to the vantage, as would ſtore the world they played for.
But I do think it is their husbands faults,
If wives do fall: (ſay that they ſlack their duties,
And pour our treaſures into forreign laps,

Or

Or elſe break out in peeviſh jealouſies,
Throwing reſtraint upon us; or ſay they ſtrike us,
Or ſcant our former having in diſpight,)
Why we have galls, and though we have ſome grace,
Yet have we ſome revenge: Let husbands know
Their wives have ſence like them; they ſee, and ſmell,
And have their pallats both for ſweet and ſowre,
As husbands have: what is it that they do,
When they change us for others? is it ſport?
I think it is; and doth affection breed it?
I think it doth; is't frailty that thus errs?
It is ſo too; and have not we affections?
Deſires for ſport? and frailty as men have?
Then let em uſe us well, elſe let em know,
The ills we do, their ills inſtruct us ſo.
Deſ. Good night, good night, heaven me ſuch uſes ſend,
Not to pick bad from bad, but by bad mend. *Exeunt.*

Actus Quintus. Scœna prima.

Enter Jago *and* Roderigo.

Jag. HEre ſtand behind this bulk, ſtrait will he come,
Weare thy good Rapier bare, and put it home,
Quick, quick, fear nothing, I'le be at thy elbow;
It makes us, or it marrs us, think of that,
And fix more firm thy reſolution.
Rod. Be neer at hand, I may miſcarry in't.
Jag. Here at thy hand, be bold and take thy ſtand.
Rod. I have no great devotion to the deed;
And yet he has given me ſatisfying reaſons;
'Tis but a man gon: forth my ſword, he dies.
Jag. I have rub'd this young Quat almoſt to the ſenſe,
And he grows angry, now, whether he kill *Caſſio*,
Or *Caſſio* him, or each do kill the other,
Every way makes my game; live *Roderigo*,
He calls me to a reſtitution large,
For Gold and Jewels that I bob'd from him,
As gifts to *Deſdemona*:
It muſt not be, if *Caſſio* do remain,
He has a dayly beauty in his life,
That makes me ugly: and beſides, the Moor
May unfold me to him; there ſtand I in much peril:

No

No, he must die, be't so, I hear him coming.

Enter Cassio.

Rod. I know his gate, 'tis he; villain thou diest.
Cas. That thrust had been my enemy indeed,
But that my coat is better than thou know'st;
I will make proof of thine.
Rod. O, I am slain.
Cas. I am maim'd for ever, light ho, murder.

Enter Othello.

Oth. The voice of *Cassio*, *Iago* keeps his word.
Rod. O villain that I am.
Oth. Hark, 'tis even so.
Cas. O help ho, light, a Surgeon.
Oth. 'Tis he, O brave *Iago*, honest and just,
That hast such noble sense of thy friends wrong,
Thou teachest me;—minion, your Dear lies dead,
And your unblest fate hies; strumpet I come;
Forth of my heart, those charms thine eyes are blotted,
Thy bed lust stain'd, shall with lusts blood be spotted. *Exit.*

Enter Lodovico *and* Gratiano.

Cas. What ho, no watch, no passage, murder, murder.
Gra. 'Tis some mischance, the cry is very direful.
Cas. O help. *Lod.* Hark.
Rod. O wretched villain.
Lod. Two or three grones, it is a heavy night;
These may be counterfeits, let's think't unsafe
To come into the cry without more help.
Rod. No body come, then shall I bleed to death.

Enter Iago *with a light.*

Lod. Hark.
Gra. Here's one comes in his shirt, with lights and weapons.
Iag. Who's there? whose noise is this that cries out murder?
Lod. I do not know.
Iag. Did not you hear a cry?
Cas. Here, here, for heavens sake help me.
Iag. What's the matter?
Gra. This is *Othello's* Antient as I take it.
Lod. The same indeed, a very valiant fellow.
Iag. What are you here that cry so grievously?

Caſ. *Jago*, O I am ſpoil'd, undone by villains,
Give me ſome help.
Jag. O me, Lievtenant, what villains have done this?
Caſ. I think the one of them is hereabout,
And cannot make away.
Jag. O treacherous villains:
What are you there? come in and give ſome help.
Rod. O help me here.
Caſ. That's one of em.
Jag. O murderous ſlave, O villain. *Thruſts him in.*
Rod. O damn'd *Jago*, O inhuman dog,—o, o, o.
Jag. Kill men i'th dark? where be thoſe bloody thieves?
How ſilent is this Town? Ho, murder, murder:
What may you be? are you of good or evil?
Lod. As you ſhall prove us, praiſe vs.
Jag. Seignior *Lodovico.*
Lod. Hè Sir.
Jag. I cry you mercy: here's *Caſſio* hurt by villains.
Gra. *Caſſio.*
Jag. How is it brother?
Caſ. My leg is cut in two.
Jag. Marry heaven forbid?
Light Gentlemen, I'le bind it with my ſhirt.

Enter Bianca.

Bia. What is the matter ho, who is't that cried?
Jag. Who is't that cried?
Bia. O my dear *Caſſio*, O my ſweet *Caſſio*, *Caſſio*, *Caſſio*.
Jag. O notable ſtrumpet: *Caſſio*, may you ſuſpect
Who they ſhould be that thus have mangled you?
Caſ. No.
Gra. I am ſorry to find you thus, I have bin to ſeek you.
Jag. Lend me a garter, ſo;—ho for a chair to bear him eaſily hence.
Bia. Alas he faints; O *Caſſio*, *Caſſio*, *Caſſio*.
Jag. Gentlemen all. I do ſuſpect this Traſh
To bear a part in this injury: patience awhile good *Caſſio*;
Come, come, lend me a light:
Know we this face, or no?
Alas my friend, and my dear country-man:
Roderigo? n., yes ſure; yes, 'tis *Roderigo.*
Gra. What of *Venice*?
Jag. Even he Sir, did you know him?
Gra. Know him? I.
Jag. Signior *Gratiano*, I cry you gentle pardon:
Theſe bloody acci'dents muſt excuſe my manners:
That ſo neglected you.

Gra.

Gra. I am glad to ſee you.
Jag. How do you *Caſſio*? O, a chair, a chair.
Gra. *Roderigo*?
Jag. He, 'tis he: O that's well ſaid, a chair;
Some good man bare him carefully from hence,
I'le fetch the Generals Surgeon: for you Miſtreſs,
Save you your labour, he that lies ſlain here, (*Caſſio*,)
Was my dear friend; what malice was betwixt you?
Caſ. None in the world, nor do I know the man.
Jag. What, look you pale? O bear him out o'th air.
Stay you good Gentlewoman, look you pale Miſtreſs?
Do you perceive the geſtures of her eye?
Nay, an you ſtir, we ſhall have more anon:
Behold her well I pray you, look upon her,
Do you ſee Gentlemen? nay guiltineſs
Will ſpeak, though tongues were out of uſe. *Enter* Emi.
Em. 'Las what's the matter? what's the matter husband?
Jag. *Caſſio* has heen ſet on in the dark,
By *Roderigo*, and fellows that are ſcap't,
He's almoſt ſlain, and *Roderigo* dead.
Em. Alas good Gentleman, alas good *Caſſio*.
Jag. This is the fruit of whoring; prithee *Emillia*.
Go know of *Caſſio* where he ſupt to night,
What, do you ſhake at that?
Bia. He ſupt at my houſe, but I therefore ſhake not.
Jag. O did he ſo, I charge you go with me.
Em. Fie upon thee ſtrumpet.
Bia. I am no ſtrumpet, but of life as honeſt,
As you, that abuſe me,
Em. As I; now ſie upon thee.
Jag. Kind Gentlemen, let's go ſee poor *Caſſio* dreſt;
Come Miſtreſs, you muſt tell's another tale.
Emillia, run you to the Cittadel,
And tell my Lord and Lady what has hapt:
Will you go on? I pray this is the night,
That either makes me, or foredoes me quite. *Exeunt.*

Enter Othello *with a light, and* Deſdemona *in her bed.*

Oth. It is the cauſe, it is the cauſe, my ſoul,
Let me not name it to you, you chaſt ſtars:
It is the cauſe, yet I'le not ſhed her blood,
Nor ſcar that whiter skin of hers then ſnow,
And ſmooth as monumental alablaſter;
Yet ſhe muſt die, elſe ſhe'l betray more men,
Put out the light, and then put out the light:
If I quench thee, thou flaming Miniſter,

I can again thy former light reſtore,
Should I repent me; but once put out thine,
Thou cunningſt pattern of exceſſing nature,
I know not where is that *Promethian* heat,
That can thy light relumine: when I have pluckt the roſe,
I cannot give it vital growth again,
It muſt needs wither; I'le ſmel it on the tree; *kiſſes her.*
A balmy breath, that does almoſt perſwade
Juſtice her ſelf to break her ſword: one more;
Be thus when thou art dead, and I will kill thee,
And love thee after: one more, and this the laſt:
So ſweet was ne're ſo fatal: I muſt weep,
But they are cruel tears: this ſorrows heavenly,
It ſtrikes where it does love: ſhe wakes.

Deſ. Who's there? *Othello*?

Oth. I, *Deſdemona.*

Deſ. Will you come to bed my Lord?

Oth. Have you prayed to night *Deſdemona*?

Deſ. I my Lord.

Oth. If you bethink your ſelf of any crime,
Vnreconcil'd as yet to heaven and grace,
Solicite for it ſtrait.

Deſ. Alas my Lord, what do you mean by that?

Oth. Well, do it, and be brief, I will walk by,
I will not kill thy unprepared ſpirit,
No, heaven fore-fend, I would not kill thy ſoul.

Deſ. Talk you of killing?

Oth. I, I do.

Deſ. Then heaven have mercy on me.

Oth. Amen, with all my heart.

Deſ. If you ſay ſo, I hope you will not kill me.

Oth. Hum.

Deſ. And yet I fear you, for y'are fatal then,
When your eyes roul ſo: why I ſhould fear, I know not,
Since guiltineſs I know not, but yet I feel I fear.

Oth. Think on thy ſins.

Deſ. They are loves I bear to you.

Oth. And for that thou dieſt.

Deſ. That deaths unnatural, that kills for loving;
Alas, why gnaw you ſo your neather lip:
Some bloody paſſion ſhakes your very frame,
Theſe are portents: but yet I hope
They do not point on me.

Oth. Peace, and be ſtill.

Deſ. I will ſo, what's the matter?

Oth. That handkerchief which I ſo lov'd, and gave thee,
Thou gaveſt to *Caſſio.*

Deſ.

Def. No, by my life and ſoul,
Send for the man and aſk him.
Oth. Sweet ſoul take heed, take heed of perjury,
Thou art on thy death bed.
Def. I, but not yet to die.
Oth. Yes, preſently:
Therefore confeſs thee freely of thy ſin,
For to deny each article with oath
Connot remove, nor choak the ſtrong conception
That I do groan withal: thou art to die.
Def. Then Lord have mercy on me.
Oth. I ſay amen.
Def. And have you mercy too:
I never did offend you in my life,—never lov'd *Caſſio*,
But with ſuch general warranty of heaven,
As I might love; I never gave him token.
Oth. By heaven I ſaw my handkerchief in his hand:
O perjur'd woman, thou doſt ſtone my heart,
And makſt me call, what I intend to do,
A murder, which I thought a ſacrifice;
I ſaw the handkerchief.
Def. He found it then,
I never gave it him, ſend for him hither,
Let him confeſs a truth.
Oth. He has confeſt.
Def. What, my Lord?
Oth. That he hath—vſed thee.
Def. How, unlawfully?
Oth. I.
Def. He will not ſay ſo.
Oth. No, his mouth is ſtop'd,
Honeſt *Jago* hath tain order for't.
Def. My fear interprets then,—what is he dead?
Oth. Had all his hairs been lives,
My great revenge had ſtomack for em all,
Def. Alas he is betray'd, and I undone,
Oth. O ſtrumpet,—weepeſt thou for him to my face?
Def. O baniſh me my Lord, but kill me not.
Oth. Down ſtrumpet.
Def. Kill me to morrow, let me live to night.
Oth. Nay, an you ſtrive.
Def. But half an hour,
Oth. Being done, there is no pauſe.
Def. But while I ſay one prayer. *he ſtifles her.*
Oth. 'Tis too late. *Emillia calls within.*
Em. My Lord, my Lord, what ho, my Lord, my Lord.
Oth. What voice is this? not dead? not yet quite dead?

I that am cruel, am yet merciful,
I would not have thee linger in thy pain;—ſo, ſo.
Em. What ho, my Lord, my Lord.
Oth. Who's there?
Em. O good my Lord, I'de ſpeak a word with you.
Oth. Yes, 'tis *Emilia*, by and by: ſhe's dead:
'Tis like ſhe comes to ſpeak of *Caſſio's* death;
The noiſe was here; ho, no more moving,
Still as the grave ſhall ſhe come in? wer't good?
I think ſhe ſtirs again; no, what's the beſt?
If ſhe come in, ſhe'l ſure ſpeak to my wife.
My wife, my wife, what wife? I ha no wife:
O inſupportable; O heavy hour.
Methinks it ſhould be now a huge Eclipſe
Of Sun and Moon, and that the affrighted Globe,
Should yawn at alteration.
Em. I do beſeech you I may ſpeak with you,—O good my Lord.
Oth. I had forgotten thee: come in *Emilia*:
Soft, by and by; let me the curtains draw. *Enter* Emilia.
Where art thou? what's the matter with thee now?
Em. O my good Lord, yonder's foul murders done.
Oth. What? now?
Em. But now my Lord.
Oth. It is the very error of the Moon,
She comes more near the earth then ſhe was wont,
And makes men mad.
Em. *Caſſio* my Lord has kil'd a young *Venetian*,
Call'd *Roderigo*.
Oth. *Roderigo* kil'd, and *Caſſio* kil'd?
Em. No *Caſſio* is not kil'd.
Oth. Not *Caſſio* kil'd? then murthers out of tune,
And ſweet revenge grows harſh.
Deſ. O falſly, falſly murdered.
Em. Alas, what cry is that?
Oth. That, what?
Em. Out and alas, it was my Ladies voice,
Help, help, ho help, O Lady ſpeak again,
Sweet *Deſdemona*, O ſweet Miſtreſs ſpeak.
Deſ. A guiltleſs death I die.
Em. O who has done this deed?
Deſ. No body, I my ſelf, farewel:
Commend me to my kind Lord, O farewel. *ſhe dies.*
Oth. Why how ſhould ſhe be murdered?
Em. Alas, who knows?
Oth. You heard her ſay, her ſelf, it was not I.
Em. She ſaid ſo, I muſt needs report a truth.
Oth. She's like a lyar gon to burning hell,

'Twas

'Twas I that kil'd her.
Em. O, the more Angel she,
And you the blacker devil.
Oth. She turn'd to folly, and she was a whore.
Em. Thou dost bely her and thou art a devil.
Oth. She was false as water.
Em. Thou art rash as fire,
To say that she was false: O she was heavenly true.
Oth. *Cassio* did top her, ask thy husband else,
O I were damn'd beneath all depth in hell,
But that I did proceed upon just grounds
To this extremity, thy husband knew it all.
Em. My husband:
Oth. Thy husband.
Em. That she was false to wedlock?
Oth. I, with *Cassio*: nay, had she bin true,
If heaven would make me such another world,
Of one intire and perfect Crisolite,
I'de not have sold her for it.
Em. My husband?
Oth. I, 'twas he that told me first;
An honest man he is, and hates the slime
That sticks on filthy deeds.
Em. My husband?
Oth. What needs this iteration? woman, I say thy husband,
Em. Oh Mistress, villany hath made mocks with love:
My husband say that she was false?
Oth. He woman, I say thy husband; dost understand the word?
My friend, thy husband, honest, honest *Jago*.
Em. If he say so, may his pernicious soul
Rot half a grain a day; he lies to'th heart,
She was too fond of her most filthy bargain.
Oth. Ha?
Em. Do thy worst;
This deed of thine is no more worthy heaven,
Then thou wast worthy her.
Oth. Peace, you were best.
Em. Thou hast not half the power to do me harm,
As I have to be hurt: O gull, O dolt,
As ignorant as dirt; thou hast done a deed—
I care not for thy sword, I'le make thee know,
Tho I lost twenty lives: help, help, O help;
The Moor has kil'd my Mistress, murder, murder.

Enter Montano, Gragantio, Jago, *and others.*

Mon. What is the matter? how now General?

Em.

Em. O, are you come *Jago*? you have done well,
That men muſt lay their murder on your neck.
Gra. What is the matter?
Em. Diſprove this villain, if thou be'ſt a man;
He ſays thou toldſt him that his wife was falſe;
I know thou didſt not, thou art not ſuch a villain;
Speak, for my heart is full.
Jag. I told him what I thought, and told no more,
Then what he found himſelf was apt and true.
Em. But did you ever tell him ſhe was falſe?
Jag. I did.
Em. You told a lie, an odious damn'd lie;
Upon my ſoul a lie, a wicked lie;
She falſe with *Caſſio*; did you ſay with *Caſſio*?
Jag. With *Caſſio* Miſtreſs; go to, charm your tongue.
Em. I will not charm my tongue, I am bound to ſpeak;
My Miſtreſs here lies murdered in her bed.
All. Oh heavens forefend.
Em. And your reports have ſet the murder on.
Oth. Nay, ſtare not maſters, it is true indeed.
Gra. 'Tis a ſtrange truth.
Mon. O monſtrous act!
Em. Villany, villany, villany;
I think upon't, I think, I ſmell a villany;
I thought ſo then; I'le kill my ſelf for grief,
O villany, villany.
Jag. What are you mad? I charge you get you home.
Em. Good Gentlemen let me have leave to ſpeak;
'Tis proper I obey him, but not now:
Perhaps *Jago*, I will ne're go home.
Oth. Oh, ho, ho. Oth. *falls on the bed.*
Em. Nay, lay thee down, and roar,
For thou haſt kill'd the ſweeteſt innocent
That ere did lift up eye.
Oth. O ſhe was foul:
I ſcarce did know you Uncle, there lies your Niece,
Whoſe breath indeed, theſe hands have newly ſtopt;
I know this act ſhews terrible and grim.
Gr. Poor *Deſdemona*, I am glad thy father's dead,
Thy match was mortal to him, and pure grief
Shore his old thread in twain: did he live now,
This ſight would make him do a deſperate turn,
Yea, curſe his better Angel from his ſide,
And fall to reprobation.
Oth. 'Tis pittiful, but yet *Jago* knows,
That ſhe with *Caſſio*, had the act of ſhame
A thouſand times committed; *Caſſio* confeſt it:

And

And ſhe did gratifie his amorous works,
With that recogniſance and pledg of love,
Which I firſt gave her; I ſaw it in his hand;
It was a handkerchief, an antique token
My Father gave my Mother.
Em. O heaven, O heavenly powers.
Jag. Come, hold your peace.
Em. 'Twill out, 'twill out: I hold my peace Sir, no,
I'le be in ſpeaking, liberal as the north;
Let heaven, and men, and devils, let 'em all,
All, all cry ſhame againſt me, yet I'le ſpeak.
Jag. Be wiſe, and get you home.
Em. I will not.
Gra. Fie, your ſword upon a woman?
Em. O thou dull Moor, that handkerchief thou ſpeak'ſt on,
I found by fortune, and did give my husband:
For often with a ſolemn earneſtneſs,
(More then indeed belong'd to ſuch a trifle,)
He beg'd of me to ſteal it.
Jag. Villanous whore.
Em. She gave it *Caſſio*? no, alas I found it,
And I did giv't my husband.
Jag. Filth, thou lieſt.
Em. By heaven I do not, I do not Gentlemen,
O murderous Coxcomb! what ſhould ſuch a fool
Do with ſo good a woman?

The Moor runs at Jago. Jago *kills his wife.*

Oth. Are there no ſtones in heaven,
But what ſerves for the thunder? pernitious villain.
Gra. The woman falls, ſure he has kil'd his wife.
Em. I, I, O lay me by my Miſtreſs ſide. *Exit* Jago.
Gra. He's gone, but his wife's kil'd.
Mon. 'Tis a notorious villain, take your weapon,
Which I have here recovered from the Moor:
Come, guard the door without, let him not paſs,
But kill him rather; I'le after that ſame villain,
For 'tis a damn'd ſlave. *Exit* Mont. *and* Gratiano.
Oth. I am not valiant neither,
But every puny whipſter gets my ſword:
But why ſhould honour out-live honeſty?
Let it go all.
Em. What did thy ſong bode Lady?
Hark, canſt thou hear me? I will play the Swan,
And die in muſick; *willow*, *willow*, *willow*.
Moor, ſhe was chaſt, ſhe lov'd the cruel Moor,

So come my soul to bliss, as I speak true;
So speaking as I think, I die, I die. *She dies.*
Oth. I have another weapon in this chamber,
It is a sword of *Spain*, the Isebrooks temper:
O here it is; Uncle, I must come forth. Gra. *within.*
Gra. If thou attempt it, it will cost thee deer,
Thou hast no weapon, and perforce must suffer.
Oth. Look in upon me then, and speak to me,
Or naked as I am, I will assault thee.
Gra. What is the matter?
Oth. Behold, I have a weapon,
A better never did it self sustain
Upon a Souldiers thigh: I have seen the day,
That with this little arm, and this good sword,
I have made my way through more impediments
Then twenty times your stop: but O vain boast,
Who can controul his fate? 'tis not so now.
Be not affraid, though you do see me weapon'd;
Here is my journies end, here is my Butt,
The very sea-mark of my utmost sail.
Do you go back dismaid? 'tis a lost fear,
Man but a rush against *Othello's* breast,
And he retires. Where should *Othello* go?
How dost thou look now? O ill-star'd wench,
Pale as thy smock; when we shall meet at compt,
This look of thine will hurl my soul from heaven,
And fiends will snatch at it: cold, cold, my girl,
Even like thy chastity: O cursed slave:
Whip me you devils,
From the possession of this heavenly sight,
Blow me about in winds, roast me in sulphur,
Wash me in steep down gulphs of liquid fire,
O *Desdemona*, *Desdemona*; dead, O, o, o.

Enter Lodovico, Montano, *and Officers*,
Cassio *in a Chair.*

Lod. Where is this rash and most infortunate man?
Oth. That's he that was *Othello*, here I am.
Lod. Where is that Viper? bring the villain forth.
Oth. I look down towards his feet, but that's a fable,
If that thou be'st a devil I cannot kill thee.
Lod. Wrench his sword from him,
Iag. I bleed sir, but not kil'd.
Oth. I am not sorry neither, I'de have thee live,
For in my sense 'tis happiness to die.
Lod. O thou *Othello*, that wert once so good,

Fain

Faln in the practice of a damned ſlave,
What ſhould be ſaid to thee?
Oth. Why, any thing.
An honourable murderer if you will;
For nought did I in hate, but all in honour.
Lod. This wretch hath part confeſt his villany:
Did you and he conſent in *Caſſio's* death?
Oth. I.
Caſ. Dear General, I did never give you cauſe.
Oth. I do believe it, and I ask you pardon;
Will you I pray, demand that demy devil,
Why he hath thus inſnar'd my ſoul and body?
Jag. Demand me nothing what you know you know;
From this time forth I never will ſpeak word.
Lod. What, not to pry?
Gra. Torments will ope your lips.
Oth. Well, thou doſt beſt.
Lod. Sir, you ſhall underſtand what hath befaln,
Which, as I think you know not: here is a letter,
Found in the pocket of the ſlain *Roderigo*;
And here another; the one of them imports
The death of *Caſſio*, to be undertook by *Roderigo*.
Oth. O villain.
Caſ. Moſt heatheniſh, and moſt groſs.
Lod. Now here's another diſcontented paper,
Found in his pocket too, and this it ſeems,
Roderigo meant to have ſent this damned villain,
But that belike, *Jago* in the interim
Came in, and ſatisfied him.
Oth. O the pernitious catiff:
How came you *Caſſio* by a handkerchief
That was my wifes?
Caſ. I found it in my chamber;
And he himſelf confeſt it but even now,
That there he dropt it, for a ſpecial purpoſe,
Which wrought to his deſire.
Oth. O fool, fool, fool.
Caſ. There is beſides in *Roderigoes* letter,
How he obraids *Jago*, that he made him
Brave me upon the watch whereon it came,
That I was caſt; and even but now he ſpake,
After long ſeeming dead, *Jago* hurt him,
Jago ſet him on.
Lod. You muſt forſake this room, and go with us,
Your power and your command is taken off,
And *Caſſio* rules in *Cyprus*: For this ſlave,
If there be any cunning cruelty,

That

That can torment him much, and hold him long,
It ſhall be his: You ſhall cloſe priſoner reſt,
Till that the nature of your fault be known
To the *Venetian* State; come bring him away.
Oth. Soft you, a word or two before you go;
I have done the State ſome ſervice and they know't:
No more of that: I pray you in your letters,
When you ſhall theſe unlucky deeds relate,
Speak of me as I am; nothing extenuate,
Nor ſet down ought in malice: then you muſt ſpeak.
Of one that lov'd not wiſely, but too well:
Of one not eaſily jealous, but being wrought,
Perplext in the extream: of one whoſe hand,
Like the baſe *Indian*, threw a pearl away,
Richer then all his Tribe: of one whoſe ſubdued eyes,
Albeit unuſed to the melting mood,
Drop tears, as faſt as the *Arabian* trees
Their medicinal gum: Set you down this;
And ſay beſides, that in *Aleppo* once,
Where a Malignant and a Turband *Turk*,
Beat a *Venetian*, and traduc'd the State;
I took bi'th throat the circumciſed dog,
And ſmote him thus. *He ſtabs himſelf.*
Lod. O bloody period.
Gra. All that's ſpoke is mar'd.
Oth. I kiſt thee ere I kild thee, no way but this,
Killing my ſelf, to die upon a kiſs. *He dies.*
Caſ. This did I fear, but thought he had no weapon,
For he was great of heart.
Lod. O *Spartane* dog,
More fell then anguiſh, hunger, or the Sea.
Look on the tragick lodging of this bed,
This is thy work; the object poiſons ſight,
Let it be hid: *Gratiano*, keep the houſe,
And ſeize upon the fortunes of the Moor,
For they ſucceed to you: To you Lord Governour,
Remains the cenſure of this helliſh villain,
The time, the place, the torture; O enforce it,
My ſelf will ſtrait aboard, and to the State,
This heavy act with heavy heart relate. *Exeunt omnes.*

FINIS.